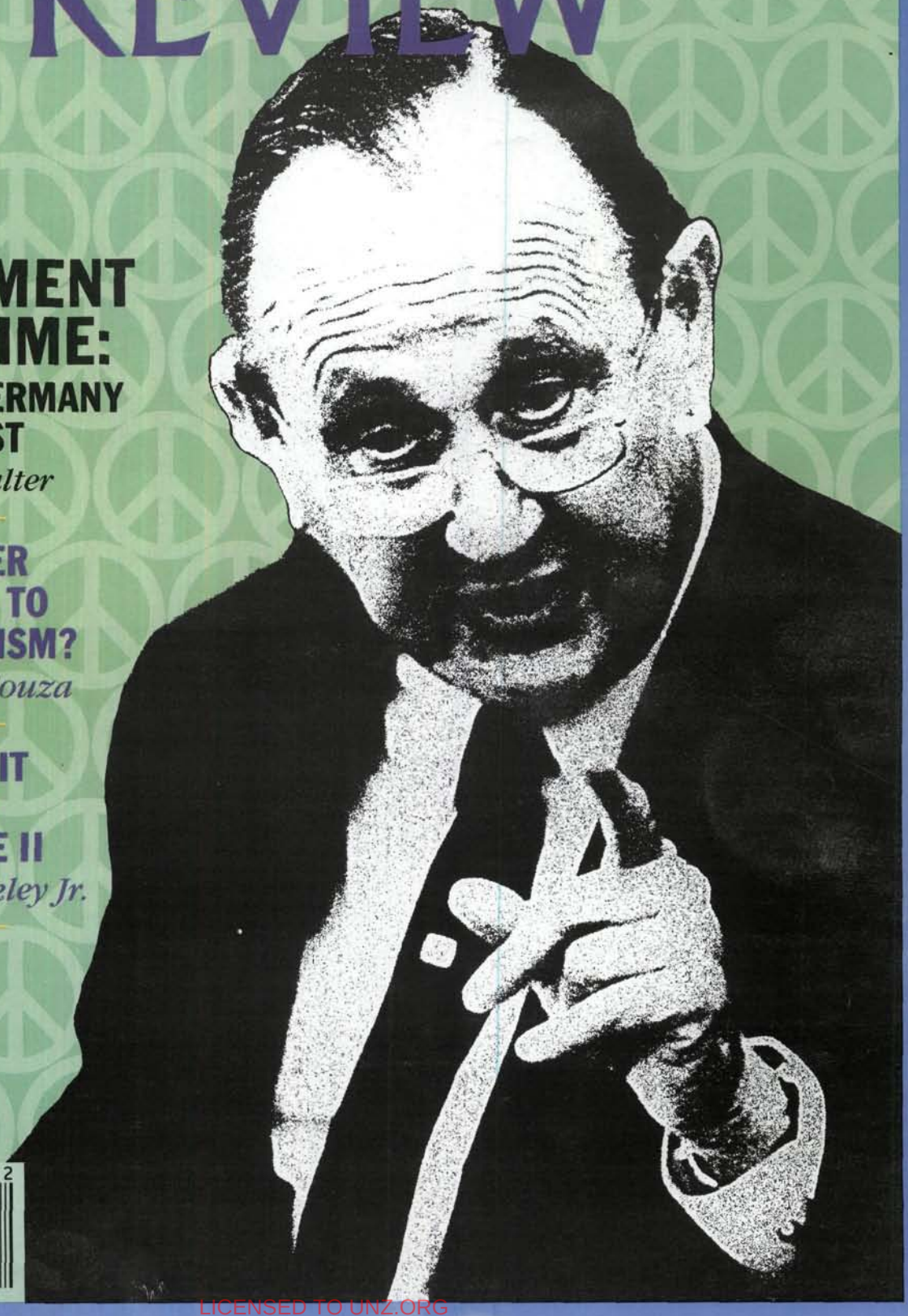
JUNE 2, 1989 $1.95

Special Spring-Summer Books Issue

NATIONAL REVIEW



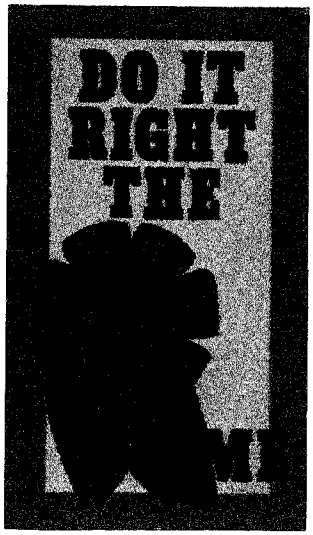
APPEASEMENT IN OUR TIME:
GENSCHER'S GERMANY GOES EAST
By Helga Walter

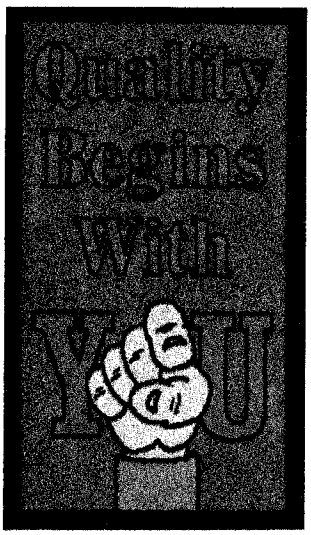
WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO NEOLIBERALISM?
By Dinesh D'Souza

WINGING IT ON THE CONCORDE II
By Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

14038
0 931585 3 22

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





Introducing a variety of ways to help your company achieve its quality goals.

Communicate to your employees daily with KEX® Quality Awareness Mat Service.

There's no investment. No inventory. No fuss. You pay only a nominal service charge and we exchange your mats with freshly-laundered ones regularly.

Our service includes a wide variety of Quality Awareness Mats to provide you with an ever-changing assortment. What's more, our mats are constructed to capture large amounts of dirt and grime so floors, walls, fixtures, and machines all remain cleaner, longer. Which means your housekeeping time is substantially reduced.

Let us put Quality Awareness Mats to work for you. In lobbies, passageways, and other high-traffic areas throughout your plants and offices.

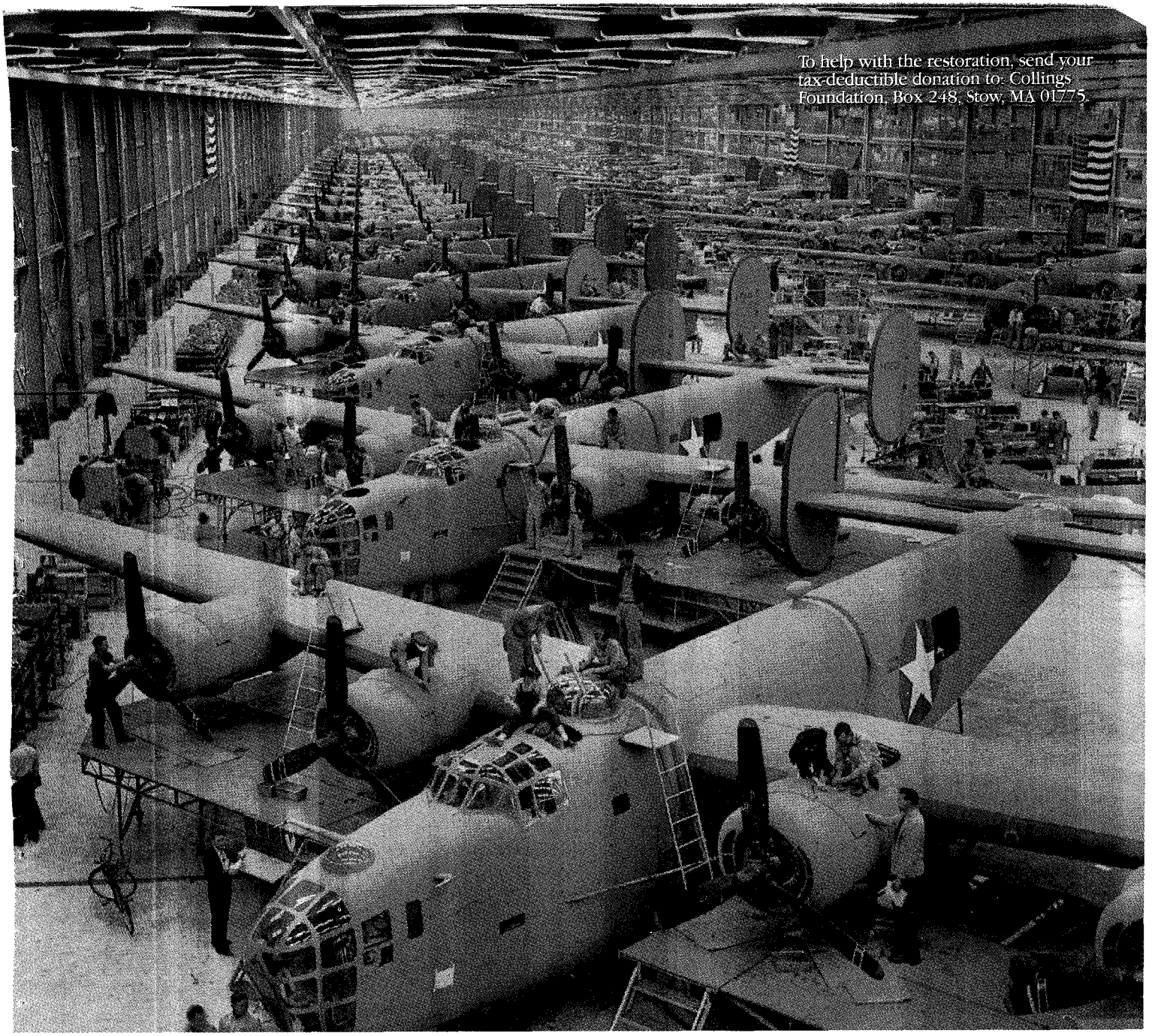
For your FREE BROCHURE of our full line of Quality Awareness Mats, and the name of your nearest KEX Distributor, write or call: KEX National Service®, LaGrange, GA 30240/ (404) 883-5542.

KEX
NATIONAL SERVICE®

MILLIKEN

KEX® is a registered trademark and KEX National Service® is a registered service mark–both of Milliken & Company.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Forty-five years ago, our freedom was on the line.

On the front line. And on the production line. Because in Europe and the Pacific, America's fighting forces needed a new, longer-range heavy bomber. And on our assembly lines in Ft. Worth and San Diego, and on others across the country, America's working forces responded. At peak production in Ft. Worth, more than 30,000 workers, toiling around the clock, were building a new B-24 every four hours.

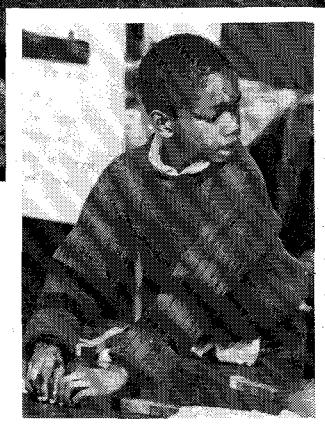
Now we are helping to build one more. By making a grant to help restore one of our original B-24s to its original condition. Soon a B-24 Liberator, which first flew in the Pacific, will fly again, this time in air shows around the USA.

Not as a symbol of American military might. Or of American manufacturing muscle. But of the American spirit which makes them both possible.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

A Strong Company For A Strong Country

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Photos by Dave White

Learning To Learn And Loving It!

The teachers at Westwood School in Dalton, Georgia are making learning mathematics fun. Starting in kindergarten, students arrange colored cubes into patterns. Soon, they represent these patterns with numbers. By the first grade, students have gained a basic understanding of important math concepts and skills.

Westwood is just one of scores of schools around the United States where the National Education Association is helping teachers—and their communities—come together and try exciting new approaches to education.

Through these innovations, students are learning to discover their unique abilities. They're learning to love learning.

Find out more about NEA's efforts to build an education system second to none. Write: Learning, National Education Association, 1201 16th Street N.W., Washington, DC 20036.

nea

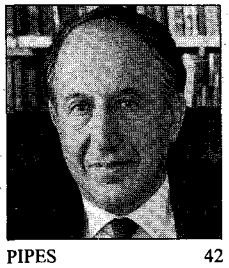
National Education Association
1201 Sixteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, DC 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

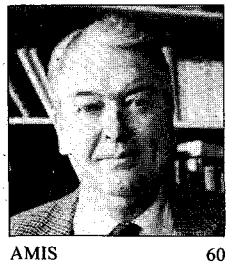
JUNE 2, 1989
VOL. XLI, NO. 10

NATIONAL REVIEW

WALTER 26


PIPES 42

FRIENDLY 50


AMIS 60

THE NEW CHAMBERLAIN?

26 Appeasement in Our Time
Brian Crozier details how Gorbachev exploits the current crisis in NATO. . . . **Helga Walter** portrays Hans-Dietrich Genscher, the architect of Germany's new appeasement. . . . **John Ranelagh** interviews Lord Home, the last survivor of the last Munich.

ARTICLES

21 On the Scene
The latest tempest in the Potomac teapot, reports **William McGurn**, is the President's nominee for assistant attorney general for civil rights, William Lucas. . . . At the Philadelpia Society, says **Linda Bridges**, the latest question is: Reagan sí, Bush no? . . . **Jeffrey Hart** stands amazed as Yale chooses a scholar and a gentleman, Donald Kagan, to be Dean of the College . . . The scandal that has toppled the Japanese prime minister, reports **Willy Stern**, is just business & politics as usual.

34 What Ever Happened to Neoliberalism?
A few years back, they were all ready to face reality and act pragmatically on very complex issues. But it turns out they couldn't run a political campaign. *Dinesh D'Souza*

37 Winging It
On the last leg of his Concorde trip, the editor-in-chief considers the exotic tribes, animals, and politicians of Sri Lanka, Kenya, and South Africa. *Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*

4 LETTERS

9 FOR THE RECORD

10 THE WEEK

32 help!

64 TRANS-O-GRAM

Cover design by Pentagram
Cover photo courtesy of AP/Wide World Photos

SPRING-SUMMER BOOKS

42 **Richard Pipes** finds more unexpected harvests of semi-free speech in Walter Laqueur's *The Long Road to Freedom*, and a misunderstanding of popular resistance to Big Lies in Jeffrey C. Goldfarb's *Beyond Glasnost*. . . . *Voices from the Third Reich* impressively evokes the German people's complex feelings toward Hitler, says **Hugh Trevor-Roper**. . . . **Angelo M. Codevilla** praises *Deception*, Edward Jay Epstein's discussion of how the Soviets persuade our intelligence community to deceive itself. . . . **Wayne Lutton** on two exposés of how the drug trade dominates Peru and Colombia. . . . The true Whittaker Chambers is only found in his peaceful decade as a journalist, says **Joseph Sobran** of *Ghosts on the Roof*. . . . The difference between *On the Firing Line* and other TV transcript/memoirs, notes **Fred W. Friendly**, is the author's sparkling commentary. . . . **Samuel Francis** considers William H. McNeill's *Arnold J. Toynbee* a fair account of the personal life and a poor account of the ideas of the great student of history. . . . **Hugh Kenner** is pleased by Modris Eksteins's descriptions of life in the trenches in WW I in *Rites of Spring*, but disapproves the thesis that Modernism caused the War. . . . In *The Control of Nature*, John McPhee writes grippingly of engineering projects that defy the stars; **Ed Marston** is properly humbled. . . . **Chilton Williamson Jr.** admires *Sort of Rich*, James Wilcox's caustic novel of the American spirit in a homogenized America. . . . *My Secret Life* will disappoint those familiar with Paul Theroux's travel writing, sighs **George Sim Johnston**. . . . Anthony Thwaite proves himself a sympathetic editor with the *Collected Poems* of **Thomas Fleming**'s beloved Philip Larkin. . . . **Kingsley Amis** argues that writing well is the best revenge.

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1989. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P.O. Box 96639, Washington, D.C. 20077-7471; phone, 800-222-6806. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct all display advertising questions to The Leadership Network at 212-684-5500.

RATES: $39.00 a year (25 issues). Add $11.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor-in-Chief*
Wick Allison *Publisher*
John O'Sullivan *Editor*

Senior Editors
Richard Brookhiser / Priscilla L. Buckley
Jeffrey Hart / Joseph Sobran
Chilton Williamson Jr.

Consultant to the Editor
James P. McFadden

Linda Bridges *Managing Editor*
William McGurn *Washington Editor*
Radek Sikorski *Roving Correspondent*
Associate Publisher
Edward A. Capano

Contributing Editors
Tom Bethell / Brian Crozier
W. H. von Dreele / Frank J. Gaffney Jr.
Nika Hazelton / D. Keith Mano
Richard John Neuhaus / Alan Reynolds
John Simon / Ralph de Toledano
Ernest van den Haag / Timothy J. Wheeler

Associates
Mark Cunningham / Peter Garvey
David Klinghoffer / Geoffrey Morris
Jane Buckley Smith

Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*
Dorothy McCartney *Research Director*
John J. Virtes *Librarian*
Ione Whitlock *Production Editor*
Patricia L. Sarch *Art Associate*
Lisa Corbin *Copy Editor*
Rose Flynn DeMaio *Treasurer*
Patricia B. Bozell *Special Projects Editor*
Lisa Nelson *Special Projects Director*
Claire Wirth *Assistant to the Publisher*

Advertising Director
Robert F. Sennott Jr.
Circulation Director
Sylvia Wolinsky
Circulation Manager
Jason Ng

Contributors
Aram Bakshian Jr. / David Brudnoy
Christopher Buckley / John Chamberlain
Mona Charen / Dinesh D'Souza
M. Stanton Evans / Mary Gauerke
George Gilder / Victor Gold
Malcolm Hancock / Henry Hazlitt
Charles R. Kesler / James Jackson Kilpatrick
Nicholas King / Jan Lukas
Forrest McDonald / Charles Burton Marshall
Thomas Molnar / Joe Mysak
Gerhart Niemeyer / Michael Novak
Grover Joseph Rees
William F. Rickenbacker
Selden Rodman / William A. Rusher
J. O. Tate / Terry Teachout
S. L. Varnado / Richard Vigilante
Charles Wallen Jr.

Foreign Contributors
Anthony Lejeune *London*
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
Donald Coxe *Toronto*
Robert S. Strother *Cuernavaca*
Richard Carpenter *Athens*

LETTERS

Hook on Democracy

Professor Claes Ryn's "The Democracy Boosters" [March 24] has many flaws, not the least of which is slovenly scholarship and the lack of elementary intellectual courtesy to those with whom he disagrees. He reveals abysmal ignorance of the social and political philosophy of both Roosevelt and Stalin, whom he couples in his snide sentence, "In the Second World War, one of the reasons there could be a special relationship between Franklin Roosevelt and Josef Stalin was that the latter seemed to share the American wish to remake insufficiently democratic societies."

Roosevelt's "New Deal" was certainly committed to remaking the insufficiently democratic society of the United States in 1933. But Stalin's conception of "democracy" presupposed the absolute dictatorship of the Communist Party over the entire society. It was further removed from Roosevelt's view of democracy than from Mussolini's "higher democracy," Franco's "directed democracy," and Perón's "organic democracy"—all of which, despite the adjectives, represented a simple abuse of terms. There was no "special relationship" between Roosevelt and Stalin. Roosevelt was as innocent of the knowledge of Bolshevik-Leninist ideology as Professor Ryn is. He mistook Stalin, who had become a reluctant co-belligerent in virtue of Hitler's double-cross, for a genuine ally. Harry Hopkins knew even less about Communism and Stalin than did Roosevelt, who thought that he could handle Stalin as easily as he did Jim Farley.

I have read somewhere that Stalin once expressed to a subordinate a greater suspicion of Roosevelt than of Churchill, despite the fact that Roosevelt often sided with Stalin against Churchill, on the ground that no one could be as politically naïve as Roosevelt seemed to be. Churchill's political instincts were sounder than Roosevelt's; even so, for him Soviet policy remained, until the Iron Curtain clanked down over Europe, "a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma."

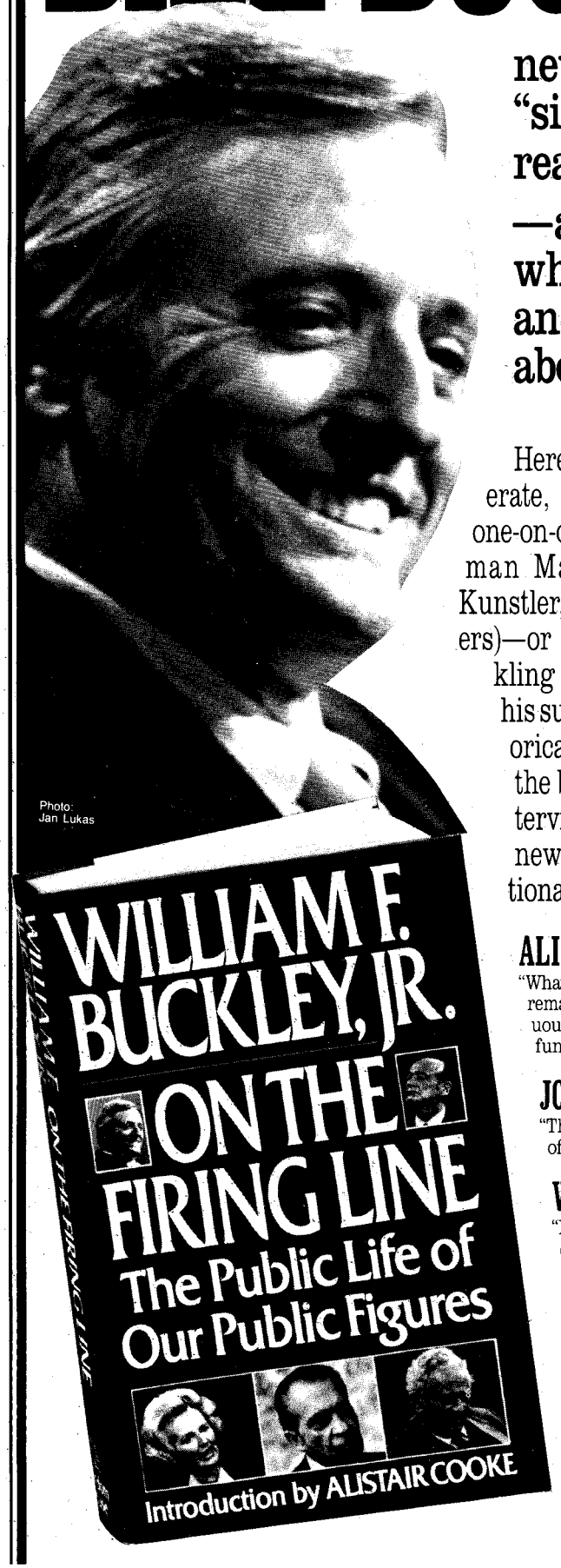
All this is minor compared to Professor Ryn's egregious misunderstanding of the true meaning of democracy. He is right in regarding Thomas Jefferson, and not Hamilton, Adams, or Marshall, as the true philosopher of American democracy. But he is mistaken in believing that Jefferson was committed to a majoritarian or egalitarian conception of democracy. The equality of mankind of which the Declaration of Independence speaks is *moral* equality. Jefferson did believe, as all democrats must, in majority rule. But for him the rule of the majority is not the rule of the mob. Just government rests upon the freely given consent of the governed. But there is no freely given consent without the *right of dissent*; and there is no right of dissent without the guarantees of the Bill of Rights. A majority that violates the rights of the minority to freedom of expression, assembly, press, and religion is the rule not of the people but of the mob.

Jefferson, like others who have faith in democratic government, did not hold that majorities are necessarily right. But he held that the appeal from an unenlightened majority must be made to an enlightened democracy, not to a minority of experts, philosophers, or unelected judges. Certainly, democracies that do not guarantee the right of dissent and opposition can deteriorate into a dictatorship of the majority, usually followed by absolute despotism. But it was obvious to Jefferson, as it is to anyone who reads history without anti-democratic prejudice, that mankind has suffered far more from dictatorships of minorities than from dictatorships of majorities. Actually, there is no clear case of any functioning democracy that conscientiously honors the right of opposition transforming itself into a dictatorship.

To be sure, there is an inherent risk in what has been called metaphorically "the experiment" of democracy. It assumes that most adult human beings with free access to knowledge are better judges of their own interests than others and are sufficiently willing to compromise in peaceful resolution of conflicts of interests to avoid both anarchy and despotism. To Professor Ryn and his authoritarian predecessors, that experiment has long since failed. They believe that the majority of mankind is either too stupid or too vicious to be entrusted with self-government. To our retort that those who wear the shoes know best where they pinch and have the moral right to change their shoes in the light of their political experience, they retort that children and the feeble-minded can-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BILL BUCKLEY'S



newest book is "simply wonderful reading" (Walter Cronkite) —a must for anyone who loves great ideas, and great conversations about them!

Here's Buckley at his challenging, fresh, literate, wickedly brilliant *best*. Whether going one-on-one in a fearless battle of wits with Norman Mailer, Margaret Thatcher, William Kunstler, or Jorge Luis Borges (among 100 others)—or offering canny observations and sparkling asides to the reader on everything from his subjects' lives to their intellectual and rhetorical prowess—*On the Firing Line* combines the best hours of Buckley's legendary TV interview program, "Firing Line," along with new commentary by the master conversationalist himself.

ALISTAIR COOKE (from his introduction):
"What makes this unlike any other book is Mr. Buckley's remarkable running commentary, which sustains a continuous critique of opposing attitudes and adds sharp, often funny scenes about the social aftermath of the show."

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH:
"This book, drawing on and improving the lower medium of television, is greatly to be welcomed."

WALTER CRONKITE:
"Historically valuable...Its witty and learned discourses on the issues of our time make simply wonderful reading."

FRED FRIENDLY:
"...a riveting raconteur who recognizes a good joke even when it's on himself; who will tolerate any insult save the reader putting the book down. This reader could not."
—*National Review*

A Book-of-the-Month Club Alternate Selection
Conservative Book Club Featured Alternate

Now at your bookstore.
RANDOM HOUSE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not even tell when their shoes pinch and therefore need parents and guardians to choose for them.

Professor Ryn studiously ignores the difficulty of trying to derive democracy from the classical and religious tradition. The classical world was a world of slavery, not of genuine freedom. Judaism and Christianity, in both its Catholic and its early Protestant forms, never condemned slavery or feudalism in principle. All men were equal in the sight of the Lord, but from this equality it did not follow in the least that they are or should be equal in the sight of the *law*. The equality of man in the sight of the Lord did not prevent the emergence of belief in the divine right of kings.

Many are the problems that confront American democracy. Among them are the increasing erosion of the belief that the focus of human rights is the individual, not the group; the abandonment of the view that the American Constitution is color-blind; the transformation of the original principles of affirmative action into a thinly disguised system of selective discrimination; the move to a multiracial society not only in politics, where some legitimate claim can be made for it on democratic principles, but in other areas of life where considerations of merit, excellence, and justice under one set of standards applied impartially to all should prevail. Another cluster of problems flows from the tremendous enhancement of the power of the judiciary, confirming Jefferson's fear of imperial judicial usurpation of legislative power. Perhaps the most difficult and dangerous of all is the decline of functional literacy in our lower educational institutions, and the crude and partisan politicizing of institutions of higher education in the humanities and social studies.

Professor Ryn would contribute more to the preservation of democracy were he to grapple with these problems, or, as the National Endowment for Democracy is doing, with the problems of emerging democracy in hitherto authoritarian Third World countries, than to seek to revive a philosophically confused and historically discredited ideology reminiscent of the sentiment attributed to Alexander Hamilton, "The People, Sir, is a Beast" (although I have never found these words in Hamilton's writings). Were he to familiarize himself with the actual program of the National Endowment for Democracy he would appreciate its realism and freedom from sentimental utopianism. Sometimes, in some places, doing nothing or too little to help genuinely democratic tendencies to develop may be even more costly to U.S. interests and to democratic prospects than making a great effort.

Sidney Hook
Hoover Institution
Stanford, Calif.

Mr. Hook makes more questionable assertions than I can address in the space allotted. A generic problem is that he does not recognize the all-important distinction between what I term constitutional and plebiscitary democracy, a failing that is perhaps not surprising in one who has been attracted so long to socialism. Nevertheless, Mr. Hook's comment as a whole substantiates rather than contradicts my argument regarding democratism.

Mr. Hook's notion of true democracy, majoritarianism cum *individual rights, puts him in conflict with the authors of the Constitution—hence his appeal to Jefferson. The Constitution limits the influence of momentary popular opinion*

ACCOMMODATIONS THAT LEAVE ROOM FOR EVERYTHING BUT IMPROVEMENT.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

At Park Hyatt® Washington, D.C., spacious suites provide generous amounts of both comfort and luxury. You'll appreciate wonderfully private master bedrooms, where rest and relaxation are assured. Magnificent marble bathrooms. And beautifully appointed living areas that make entertaining, as well as working, a pleasure. A fact that can be attributed not only to sheer size, but to the thoughtful inclusion of two phone lines and a computer port. All of which is designed to make your stay at Park Hyatt an enormous success. For reservations, call toll free 1-800-922-PARK, or 202-789-1234.

PARK HYATT®
Where the exceptional is the rule.℠

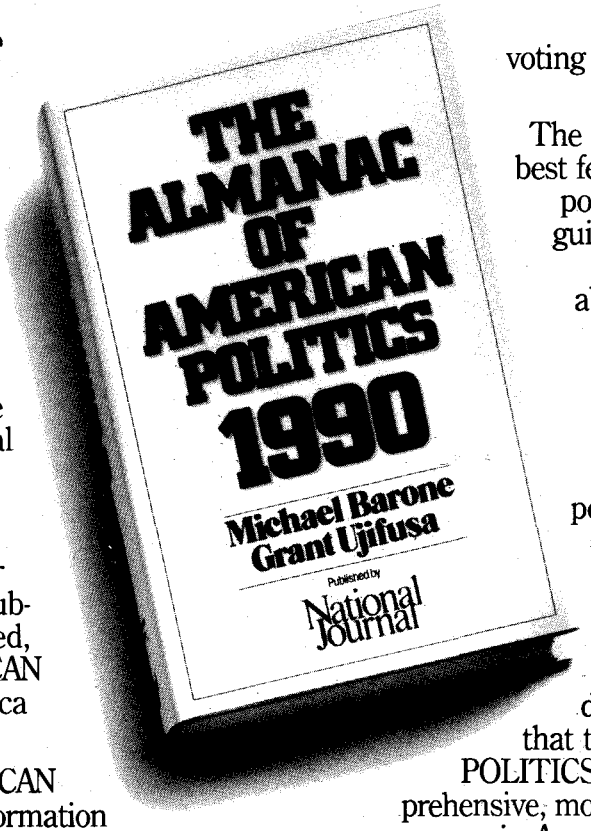
PARK HYATT WASHINGTON, D.C. • PARK HYATT SAN FRANCISCO • PARK HYATT CHICAGO • PARK HYATT SANTA MONICA • HYATT CARLTON TOWER LONDON • THE HYATT HOTEL CANBERRA • PARK HYATT ON SYDNEY COVE
THE WEST END — EMBARCADERO CENTER — MICHIGAN AVENUE — OPENING EARLY 1990 — A PARK HYATT HOTEL — A PARK HYATT HOTEL — OPENING EARLY 1990

Park Hyatt encompasses hotels managed or operated by two separate companies – Hyatt Hotels Corp. and Hyatt International Corp. © 1989 Hyatt Corp.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you live in America, you need this book.

The 1990 ALMANAC OF AMERICAN POLITICS is the indispensable guide to your hometown, your state, and your elected officials.



From California to Kennebunkport to Capitol Hill, the ALMANAC uncovers the real America and brings your elected leaders into focus in lively and revealing profiles. Wherever you live, whatever you do, whether you're Republican, Democrat or undecided, the ALMANAC OF AMERICAN POLITICS will bring America home to you.

The ALMANAC OF AMERICAN POLITICS is filled with information and analysis not available in any other book: vivid and entertaining descriptions of every state and congressional district; complete results of the 1988 elections; detailed profiles and photos of every Member of Congress and governor, with their voting records, interest group ratings and campaign finances.

The 1990 ALMANAC combines the best features of a fact book, contemporary history volume and travel guide. If you are a concerned and aware citizen whose curiosity about America isn't satisfied by newspapers or television, you need the ALMANAC OF AMERICAN POLITICS.

The ALMANAC is frequently called the "bible" of American politics. The Wall Street Journal gives one of the reasons: "The book is actually fun to read because of the broad historic sweep in which it places each of the 435 congressional districts." We know you'll agree that the ALMANAC OF AMERICAN POLITICS is the most useful, most comprehensive, most readable almanac published in America...in fact, we guarantee it.

SPECIAL OFFER: *Reserve your copy today at special pre-publication prices: $12 off the hardcover bookstore price, $5 off the softcover. But we must have your order before July 1!*

YES! I want to take advantage of your pre-publication offer. Reserve my copy(ies) of the ALMANAC OF AMERICAN POLITICS *now*, and rush it to me as soon as it's off the press in August.

_____ Hardcover copies @ $44.95... _____
a $12 savings!

_____ Softcover copies @ $39.95... _____
a $5 savings!

Shipping & handling @ $2.50 each _____
(not charged on prepaid orders)

D.C. orders, add 6% sales tax _____

TOTAL _____

Name _____

Organization _____ Phone _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ I want to save shipping & handling costs, so I'm sending payment (or credit card order) now.

☐ Bill me ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐ American Express

Publisher's Guarantee: Examine the ALMANAC for 21 days. If not completely satisfied, return it for a complete refund.

Acct. # ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐ Exp. Date _____

_____
Signature

National Journal

MAIL TO: National Journal, 1730 M Street NW, Washington, D.C. 20036
FOR FASTER SERVICE & BULK ORDERS CALL **1-800-424-2921** (in D.C. call 857-1448).

AL12

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through representation and other institutions. Also, not a single institution caters to the American people as an undifferentiated majority. Americans have political standing as members of political subdivisions. So far is the Constitution from setting up a majoritarian and individualistic system based on one man, one vote that it gives the people of some states many times the voting power of the people of other states. That Delaware is represented by as many U.S. senators as New York exemplifies a discounting of merely numerical and majoritarian considerations that is endemic throughout the decentralized and group-oriented American society.

Mr. Hook's points about Jefferson's majoritarianism, though elementary, are better addressed to Allan Bloom. It is Bloom who attributes such Jeffersonian views to the Founders and approvingly labels them majoritarians. I argued that today's democratists have more in common with Jefferson (or Paine) than with the authors of the Constitution, and Mr. Hook agrees. I also suggested, however, that not even Jefferson fits Bloom's label without qualifications. Again, Mr. Hook assents.

That I consider Roosevelt a Stalinist is a ludicrous misrepresentation. What I did write is compatible with Mr. Hook's own portrayal of Roosevelt.

Perhaps because of my academic affiliation [with the Catholic University of America], Mr. Hook has jumped to various conclusions regarding my philosophical makeup. He may be unprepared for a critic of democratism who admires John Dewey (though with important reservations) and criticizes intellectual "conservatives" for dealing inadequately with the challenges of philosophical modernity. As for Mr. Hook's view that democracy is not easily derived from religion, he has more reason to take it up with writers like Michael Novak and Richard John Neuhaus than with the author of an article that objected to their closely associating democracy with religion. —CGR

Fetal Attraction

Pastor Richard John Neuhaus has quoted my old friend George Will ["After *Roe*," April 7] to the effect that there is no longer a credible basis for arguing about the point at which human life begins in a fetus. This assertion is undocumented and attempts to "end run" a critical issue of the *Roe* v. *Wade* debate.

Neuhaus, in effect, denies that there can be a point at which the law can favor the interests of the mother as opposed to the potential child. He asserts that there is no point at which a fetus is not human. This is contentious. That a first-trimester fetus will become human is probable; that it is in fact human is very debatable indeed.

If our well-meaning preacher has studied fetal anatomy, he might recall that the developing fetus actually retraces the evolutionary process. In a period of a few weeks, it begins as a single-cell creature and grows to be a fish (with gills), an amphibian, a reptile, and a mammal with a tail. Yes, at all times, this fetus has human potential, but that potential is implicit, not explicit, until around the 12th week of pregnancy, when it manifests its human reality. This and viability are reasonable bases upon which critical distinctions can be made in law. Today, the law deriving from *Roe* v. *Wade* gives the unwilling mother the benefit of the doubt, at least until her fetus is explicitly human.

Each abortion is a human tragedy. The loss of a potential child is weighed against the lost potential of a woman's life. As we respect life, so also must we find a mechanism for weighing the potential of a fetus's life against the reality of its unwilling mother's life. To say that no biological basis can exist for such a decision is to ignore evidence and to condemn women to unwanted motherhood—a fate that may arguably be worse than death for some children in these times.

Ambassador Curtin Winsor Jr.
Washington, D.C.

The objection of our well-meaning ambassador has everything going for it but the scientific evidence. I would refer him to, for instance, the recent and acclaimed Science and the Unborn *by the distinguished biologist and embryologist Clifford Grobstein of the University of California. Grobstein, in agreement with almost every scientist who has addressed the question, insists that even the zygote (a cell formed by the union of two gametes) is unquestionably human life. Grobstein says the question is one of when we "assign status" to that life. I contend, and I believe George Will contends, that the question is one of how we acknowledge the moral status of the human life that is already there, quite apart from our "assignment" of such status. Mr. Winsor's somewhat eccentric view of "fetal anatomy" is no part of the moral, legal, or scientific discussion.* —RJN

There's one news analysis program considered "can't miss" by Washington officials. The McLaughlin Group.

Among its chief assets are the wit and intellect of John McLaughlin, Eleanor Clift, Fred Barnes, Morton Kondracke, Pat Buchanan and Jack Germond.

They provide insightful, often prescient, political commentary on the most up-to-the-minute developments. Often with heated exchanges.

So tune in to The McLaughlin Group. It's comprehensive, contentious and... contagious.

Made possible by a grant from GE.

THE McLAUGHLIN GROUP
Check your local listing for station and time.

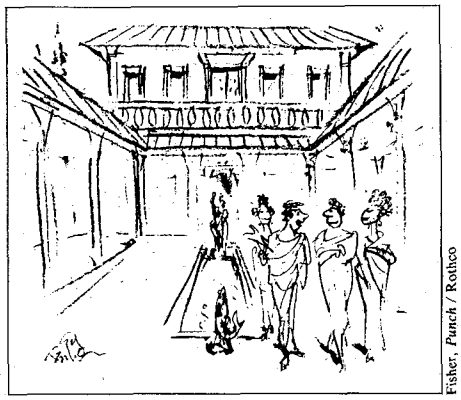
We bring good things to life.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

How about the first hundred days? Political analyst **Kevin Phillips** concludes, on basis of half-dozen polls, that **George Bush** is doing best on foreign policy: public doesn't think he is moving too slowly in dealing with **Mikhail Gorbachev**. But Phillips finds three areas of danger for Bush: 1) the people think he's off to a slow start; 2) his Administration is perceived as lacking direction; 3) there's more "image" there—puppies, hunting trips, horseshoes, etc.—than "substance." . . . *Washington Post*'s **David Broder** finds three faults with Bush: his tendency to postpone hard decisions (the budget compromise), his failure to tame Congress (**John Tower**, the Contra compromise), and his lack of leadership (perhaps he has nothing to say? Broder asks). . . . Most devastating characterization of Bush at One Hundred was **George Will**'s description: "a pastel President." . . . *Christian Science Monitor*'s **Godfrey Sperling Jr.**, who's seen Presidents come and go, has this to say of Bush's media critics: "Most of them are people whose candidate lost the last election. So now . . . they fault the winner for not producing the program promised by the loser." . . . Vice President **Quayle** ended hundred days Up, according to ABC/*Washington Post* poll, which gives him 52 to 30 approval/disapproval rating; Down, according to CBS/*New York Times*, which comes up with 22 to 15 disapproval/approval. Comments Democratic political consultant **Bob Beckel**: It's difficult for a Vice President to enhance his stature because "nobody thinks about him."

Serious Democratic pols keep pondering the lesson of Bush's election. **MacNeil/Lehrer** Democratic analyst **Mark Shields**, explaining why Democrats lost in '72, '80, '84, '88: "[Democrats] have lacked leadership skills. Americans prefer to elect a leader of the nation rather than a head of government. We want a commander-in-chief as well." . . . Democratic pollster **Stanley B. Greenberg**, in interview with *The Political Report*'s **Stuart Rothenberg**, adds: "Many Democrats have resisted the bare truth of numbers: there is no longer an enduring electoral majority in America centered on a coalition of production workers, low-income families, minority and aging communities." . . . **William Galston**, issues director in **Walter Mondale**'s campaign, recently told Democratic Leadership Council much the same thing: "The gender gap is not the product of a surge of Democratic support among women," he says, "but rather the erosion of Democratic support among men. . . . The Democratic Party has been losing ground . . . among non-liberals, not liberals, among whites, not minorities, among men, not women." . . . Former presidential contender **Bruce Babbitt** says the party must find a new identity. "Invoking the name of **John Kennedy** won't do it."



Fisher, *Punch* / Rothco

"All these years—can you believe it?—we were living right through the Decline and Fall and never knew it!"

Republican pols breathed easier when **Craig Thomas** handily defeated Democrat **John Vinich** (52 to 43 per cent) in special election to fill **Dick Cheney**'s Wyoming House seat following two GOP losses. Commented Republican Congressional Committee communications director **John Buckley**: "If for some reason Vinich had pulled this off, I would have been willing to admit that this was the end of Western civilization as we know it." Buckley's boss, **Ed Rollins**, had said earlier: "You can write me off" if Thomas doesn't win. . . . Mason-Dixon Opinion Research poll shows former GOP Sen. **Paul Trible** well ahead (43 to 18 to 16 per cent) in Virginia gubernatorial primary over **Marshall Coleman**, the candidate of former **Reagan** White Housers, and Rep. **Stan Parris**. Same poll shows Trible leading probable Democratic candidate Lt. Gov. **Doug Wilder** 46 to 37 per cent.

Old Line/New Line Communists: The Sofia Press Agency has announced that Bulgarian scientists successfully completed a fusion test at room temperature on April 18. Not to be outdone, East Germany reported scientists at Dresden duplicated that feat a day later. . . . Bulgaria, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, East Germany form what Prof. **Charles Gati**, of Columbia School of International Affairs, calls Eastern Europe's "gang of four." . . . Prague sent its ambassador recently to Hungarian Minister of State **Rezso Nyers** to protest a television interview with **Alexander Dubcek**, Czech premier during Prague Spring. Budapest TV duly reported the protest and noted the second half of the interview would be broadcast the following week. . . . Radio Budapest, meanwhile, has rebroadcast the stirring call for freedom made by Cardinal **Mindszenty** the night before Soviet tanks rolled into Hungary in 1956—another move in the posthumous rehabilitation of the martyrs of '56. . . . The Communist Party daily in Budapest has reprinted *NR*'s article by Ronald Reagan in praise of **Margaret Thatcher**. . . . In Moscow, Soviet historian **Yuri Gankovsky** has revealed for first time that Soviet troops were involved in the coup that precipitated the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan.

In the battle of the bumper stickers, two winners this week: 1) "WASHINGTON D.C.: WORK-FREE DRUG PLACE." 2) Sighted on a New York yellow cab: "SO MANY PEDESTRIANS, SO LITTLE TIME."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

☐ During his swing across the Pacific, which took him from Alaska to Singapore, Vice President Dan Quayle paused in Hawaii. "Hawaii has always been a very pivotal role in the Pacific," he noted. "It is *in* the Pacific. It is a part of the United States that is an island that is right here." So far, so good. Then, in Australia, he got into a heated controversy with farmers, denying, implausibly, that U.S. subsidies for grain exports hurt the Australian market. Dan, you're no Spiro Agnew.

☐ In a related development, archaeologists in Israel have found evidence that Neanderthal man may have been able to talk.

☐ The White House has been taken aback by Defense Secretary Dick Cheney's public prediction that Gorbachev . . . may not make it. In an interview on CNN, Cheney said: "If I had to guess today, I would guess that he would ultimately fail; that is to say, that he will not be able to reform the Soviet economy to turn it into an efficient, modern society. And when that happens, he's likely to be replaced by somebody who will be far more hostile than he's been in terms of his attitude toward the West." President Bush indirectly dissociated himself from Cheney's remarks two days later, telling a U.S. Chamber of Commerce convention that Gorbachev and *perestroika* have his best wishes: "Even the Socialist world is beginning to see that Socialism isn't just another system—it's the death of economics. And there is a new breeze blowing." We applaud both Mr. Bush's optimism and Mr. Cheney's prudence.

☐ When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions, just like the fellow said. The *Washington Post* has set the capital abuzz with a big profile of John Mack, Jim Wright's chief aide, who is, the *Post* notes, "arguably the most powerful staff member on Capitol Hill." In 1973, Mack, then managing a small import store in the Virginia suburb of Annandale, attacked a female customer without provocation. After luring her into a storeroom at closing time, he smashed her head with a hammer, knocking her cold and exposing her skull in five places. Then he stabbed her several times in the chest and cut her throat. After leaving her, apparently dead, in her car, he went to the movies. Eight hours later she came to and got help. Mack pleaded guilty to malicious wounding and was sentenced to 15 years in prison. Luckily for him, his brother was married to Wright's daughter, and after two years behind bars he was paroled when Wright gave him a job. He has kept clean, worked his way up to a $89,500 job, and now helps write laws for his fellow citizens to observe.

☐ The people in charge of the U.S. foreign-aid program say it is a bust. It hasn't helped a single country move from "less developed" to "developed" status in twenty years. What's wrong? Just about everything, says Alan Woods, administrator of the U.S. Agency for International Development (AID), in a lengthy report that corroborates the recent findings of the Task Force on Foreign Assistance, chaired by Representative Lee Hamilton of Indiana. For one thing, Congress won't keep its cottonpicking hands off the program. AID has to make 288 separate reports to Congress every year; it has discretionary power over only 2 per cent of the $14 billion to $15 billion it spends a year. But more important, says Mr. Woods, we have spent the money unwisely, impelled by social engineers more anxious to redistribute wealth than to generate it. In the Sixties, AID money was lavished on newly independent African states, whose prospects seemed bright; this money was spent on grandiose projects and unworkable socialist schemes. Meanwhile, along the Pacific Rim the then-basket-case economies of South Korea, Taiwan, and Singapore took another route instituting free-market policies that have proven most important in sustaining growth. Recommendation by Woods: that the Foreign Assistance Act of 1961 be replaced by a realistic foreign-aid program that would encourage free enterprise. That may be easier to do —the example of the Pacific Rim is there for all to marvel at—than to persuade Congress to stop micromanaging AID funds.

☐ Not so long ago, Beirut was known as the "Paris of the Middle East." Its amenities were cosmopolitan and elegant. Europeans vacationed there, enjoying its Mediterranean beaches and its nearby Alpine skiing. The country was prosperous and tolerant. Christians and Moslems lived together under a unique constitution that distributed power on religious lines. That

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

constitution was occasionally criticized because it gave Christians proportionately more influence than the shifting demographics of the country ostensibly justified. Such criticisms were held to explain the Moslem discontent that led to the civil war. How tragically insignificant they seem today. With the regional balance of power devastated, and the compromises enshrined in Lebanon's constitution meaningless as a result, Beirut may be finished, as Syrian artillerymen shell everything within range. Syria, murderous toward its own citizens and a sponsor of terrorism internationally, is an imperialist power, playing its own regional game, in which Beirut is expendable. So the "Paris of the Middle East" becomes a rubble heap, another victim of the liberal willingness to sacrifice imperfect enclaves of civilization if only the barbarians will speak the language of justice.

☐ The Soviet poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko—who has never been censured or even disciplined during his career as mincing "dissenter"—has published an article in the weekly *Ogonyok* revealing that Bobby Kennedy told him before his death that the CIA helped the KGB identify dissidents Yuli Daniel and Andrei Sinyavsky, whose subsequent prosecution for *samizdat* publishing was one of the *causes célèbres* of the late Sixties. *What?* Why would the CIA do that? Yevtushenko answers: To get the Vietnam War off the front page. Next month, perhaps, Yevtushenko will reveal, based on deathbed interviews with William Casey, that the CIA also masterminded Khrushchev's early retirement and the rise of Brezhnev to keep the Soviet Union from competing with the Imperialist West. And in July, Deep Throat will spill the beans on J. Edgar Hoover's complicity in the purge trials.

☐ Sondra Locke has moved out on Clint Eastwood, and is suing him for palimony, meaning half the property he acquired during the ten years they lived as man and, er, relationship partner. She also says he pressured her to get two abortions and a tubal ligation; he denies it. In one of their movies together, she played a rape victim who caught up with her attacker and gave him a "45-caliber vasectomy." Life imitates art.

☐ Some forty left-wing lobbies, most conspicuously including People for the American Way, are apparently about to lose their tax-exempt status, because by law you cannot lobby and remain tax-exempt, and all the above were guilty of lobbying against Judge Bork. God's in his heaven and all's right with the world.

West Germany's Subconscious

Today they dream of cities
  Immediately east;
Tomorrow Danzig beckons,
  So recently deceased.
Then, moving on, East Prussia's
  In-gathering awaits,
Where Hohenzollern princes
  Haunt family estates.

W. H. VON DREELE

Effective NATO Defenses Or None at All

FIVE YEARS after the NATO defense ministers agreed at Montebello, Canada, that the Alliance's requirement for effective nuclear deterrence could be met with substantially fewer nuclear forces in Europe—provided that what remained was modernized—the prospects for such modernization are approaching nil.

The West Germans and other Continental nations of the Alliance have flatly vetoed the replacement of an obsolescent short-range nuclear missile, the Lance, until sometime after West Germany holds parliamentary elections in 1991 or '92. We have a bridge for sale to anyone who thinks the Germans will decide they *do* want a modern missile at that point.

The likelihood of maintaining the necessary in-theater nuclear deterrent is reduced even further by these allies' parallel insistence that NATO enter into negotiations with the Soviet Union aimed at limiting short-range nuclear forces. The theory, of course, is that an agreement with the Soviets will make a fight over the Lance moot.

It isn't just the Continental allies. The press here is mounting a big push to get Bush and Gorbachev to the bargaining table. The Administration, wrote R. W. Apple Jr. in the *New York Times*, "looks timid, stodgy, even retrograde to critics in the United States and especially in Europe." Lou Cannon, the *Washington Post*'s senior Reaganologist, reports that the Gipper is "uneasy. . . . Both in Bonn and in Beverly Hills, they are wondering if Bush's only strategy is to react to events as they unfold." How can Bush not follow where Reagan led?

There are several problems with all of this. First, it is predictable that negotiations on short-range forces will impart powerful new momentum to the Soviets' longstanding effort to denuclearize Western Europe—just as it was entirely predictable that the decision to have two "Zero Options," i.e., those governing intermediate- and shorter-range missiles, would encourage the Soviets and others to insist upon a third one eliminating short-range nuclear forces.

Second, even if one could find a way to arrive at some negotiated outcome *other* than zero, these systems simply cannot be effectively limited by an arms-control agreement. Short-range forces like Lance, ar-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tillery shells, nuclear bombs delivered by tactical aircraft, etc., are relatively small, highly mobile, and easily concealed. Even with verification, limitations imposed upon such weapons, no matter how intrusive, will have a *certain* effect only upon those of the Western Alliance.

Finally, although some, like Paul Nitze, urge the United States to be more sensitive to the political realities in West Germany and to appease allied demands not only for deferral of Lance modernization but also for initiation of negotiations on it and similar systems, the right course is a different one.

The reality is that the United States is committed to the security of its allies and is willing to translate that commitment—at enormous expense to itself—into the deployment of hundreds of thousands of troops in West Germany and other European nations. But the price for our doing so must be that we are able to protect those troops. This means the strategy of flexible response, NATO's defense doctrine for over twenty years. And this means maintaining and modernizing our battlefield nuclear weapons, the only force able to offset the Soviets' huge conventional advantage.

The Bush Administration has valiantly resisted pressure to do otherwise. To its critics in Germany and elsewhere it should now say: If you want our protection, nuclear forces—including those in Western Europe—are integral to it. If you do not want us to provide for your defense in the way we believe we must, we are prepared to remove those forces. We would rather not; we would have no choice, however, if the alternative were to be to leave them exposed to the threat but unequipped to perform their mission. Put that way, there would seem to be a greater likelihood that the common interest in the common defense will prevail.

Winners and Losers

THE 11-WEEK TRIAL OF Oliver North has ended, and everyone claims victory. A spokesman for Independent Counsel Lawrence Walsh says the prosecution is "very satisfied" with the outcome. Senator Daniel K. Inouye (D., Hawaii), the Pooh-Bah of the Iran-Contra hearings, says the verdict "reaffirmed the conclusions of the committees." Colonel North himself called it a "partial vindication."

Of the 16 counts of the original indictment, four were dropped even before the trial began. Of the remaining 12 counts, a guilty verdict was delivered on only three, the most minor ones at that. Specifically, Oliver L. North was found guilty of helping obstruct Congress's investigation of arms sales to Iran; removing and destroying National Security Council documents dealing with the Contras; and accepting a $13,873 security system for his home.

There is one clear loser (apart from the taxpayers, who will foot Mr. Walsh's $40-million bill). This is the group, led by congressional foes of the Reagan Administration, who have argued that the whole Iran-Contra scheme was illegal from the start. The prosecution abandoned this line early on, opting instead to go for an easier conviction of Mr. North based on specific violations. In the event, they were lucky to get *that*: in post-trial interviews the jurors made it clear that they found the former Marine guilty only on those charges he admitted to.

The Reagan Administration could have avoided the whole mess, first by standing up to the Boland amendments instead of sending Mr. North to run Contra aid out of the back door; second, by being prudent enough to take a weekend's heat and pardon those involved before the case ever got to trial. The most lamentable failure of the Reagan Administration was its failure to stick by its people, and the price for that was paid by the President personally in the form of frequent embarrassing disclosures by former aides. The American people paid too, in a weakened Presidency. The jury's decision now presents the new President with a splendid opportunity to reverse these trends. A quick pardon for Oliver North et al. would send a signal that this Administration is in charge and is not about to let a truculent Congress re-write election results with special prosecutors, interminable hearings, and well-publicized innuendo.

Run, Jesse, Run

If Jackson wants the District, it's
As easy as upending Schlitz,
  But, like some beers,
He could go flat in no-man's-land
Directing fuzz without a hand
  From Party peers.

W. H. VON DREELE

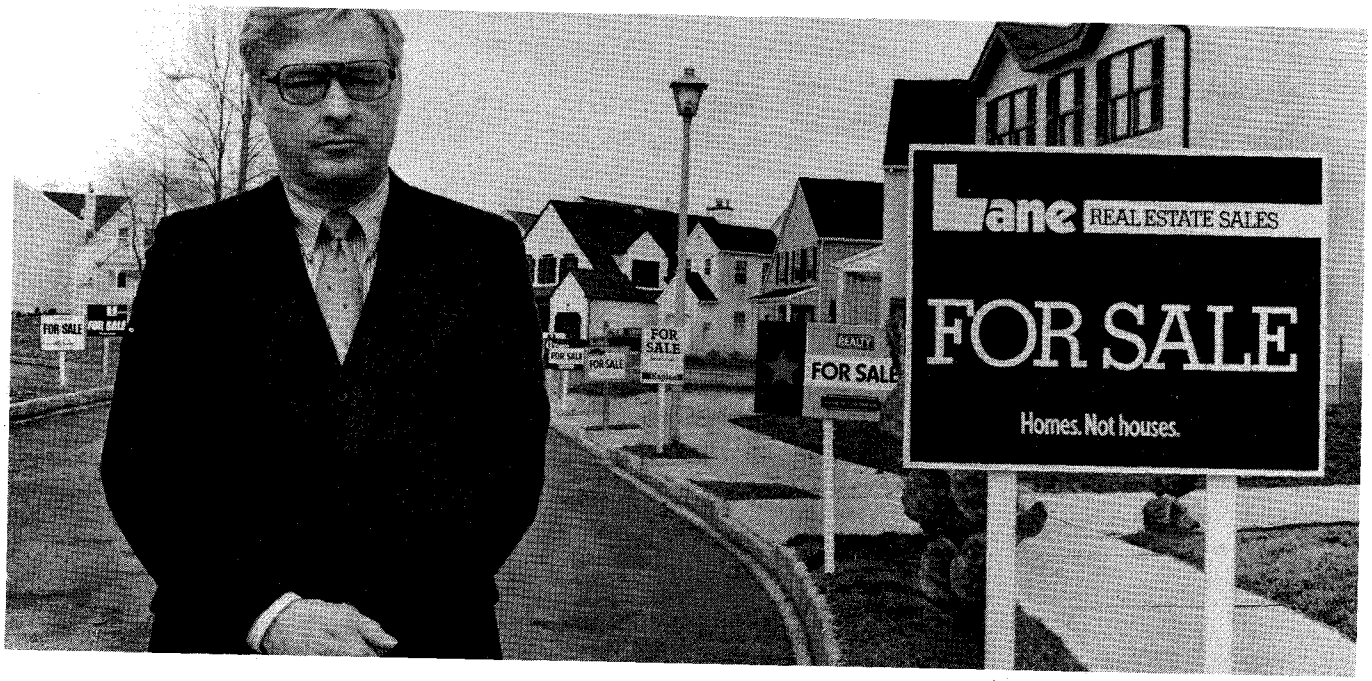
Hello, I Must Be Going

FOR A FEW WEEKS THERE, we had cold fusion. Now it looks as if we don't have it. Doubting Thomases are taking bows all around.

In the climate of establishmentarian gloating, it was good to be reminded by Curt Suplee of the *Washington Post* that the history of science is filled with instances both of high hopes dashed and of skeptics confounded. When Ernest Rutherford proposed the theory of radioactive decay he was rebuked by no less an authority than Lord Kelvin. Rutherford was right, of course, and went on to win a Nobel Prize. But even he denied that nuclear energy could ever be harnessed. Five years after Rutherford died, Enrico

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHO STUCK BY THEIR GUNS WHEN THINGS GOT TOUGH IN TEXAS?



When plunging oil prices knocked the bottom out of property values, one company didn't lose confidence in Texas real estate.

For us, it was business as usual.

And in the last three years, we've provided nearly $9 billion worth of quality home mortgages.

That adds up to more than 120,000 families—both renters and homeowners—getting what they wanted most of all. A home deep in the heart of Texas.

THE IDEA BEHIND ONE IN EIGHT AMERICAN HOMES.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fermi started the first chain reaction. Sometimes the wild-eyed discoverer is off his rocker; sometimes he is on the mark. Time alone tells.

As far as fusion is concerned, we are back where we began—decades, but not lifetimes, away from the control of what is potentially the most powerful energy source yet. When it is harnessed to the generation of electrical power, it will benefit men as much as the fission reaction has—or would have, had it not excited the displeasure of anti-nuke Luddites. May fusion escape their wrath.

The Productivity Fetish

THE COMPULSION many financial reporters feel to deny the evident reality of the economic expansion has been beaten down to a few whimpers about alleged low productivity and wages. Karen Pennar of *BusinessWeek* thus writes: "In the 1980s output per hour has crept up at a 1 per cent annual rate, while real compensation per hour has inched up a mere 0.4 per cent a year. No single set of statistics better demonstrates the gauzy quality of growth in the 1980s." Actually, no single set of statistics better demonstrates the sleazy quality of economic journalism in the 1980s. Alan Murray of the *Wall Street Journal*, among others, recycles some variation on this same theme every month or two, ostensibly as "news" or the latest "outlook."

Particularly sleazy are the ways in which these reporters average good times with bad. Miss Pennar thus writes of "the 1980s," which obviously includes three years of outright recession. What happened during 1980–82 says nothing about the "quality of growth," as Miss Pennar suggests, because there was no growth. Mr. Murray cites average productivity figures since *1973*, which he calls "the past decade." This conveniently mixes a) the unquestionably terrible productivity performance in the Nixon-Ford-Carter years with b) the doubling of productivity (and quadrupling of manufacturing productivity) in the Reagan-Bush years.

The larger issue, though, has to do with concepts, not measurement. Average productivity, and also average real wage rates, may *appear* to improve whenever only the most experienced and skilled people can find work. If the minimum wage were $100 an hour, only the most experienced and energetic people with doctorate degrees would be employed and therefore counted in statistics of average productivity and wages. By instead creating widespread job opportunities—for minority youth, for untutored immigrants from backward (socialist) economies, and for retarded and handicapped people, as well as for the above-mentioned skilled and experienced workers—the vibrant U.S. economy may very well have diluted the "average" productivity and wages. But such averages tell us nothing at all about a typical mature, full-time worker's productivity or income.

In reality, the 1983–88 period exhibited the best *combination* of rapid employment growth and rapid productivity growth of the postwar period, similar to the period following the 1964 tax cut. Measured productivity has increased by 1.7 per cent a year since 1982, and civilian employment by 2.5 per cent. At that, a Brookings Institution study suggests that recent productivity gains may be understated by half a percentage point: they may really be about 2.2 per cent. Productivity did indeed grow at an even faster pace from 1948 to 1965, but growth of civilian employment was terrible—less than 1 per cent a year. That was bearable only because demographics and two wars restrained the number of young people seeking work each year. Had such sluggish employment growth continued after 1965, unemployment today would be 30 per cent. So much for the "golden years" so often admired by Mr. Murray and *BusinessWeek*. Output per worker is indeed important, but so is the number of workers.

The Speaker's Agony

The slings and arrows fall so fast
It's getting hard to look aghast,
And now, assisting with the rhyme,
It seems his closest aide did time,
Which says to me this drama's at
That moment when a pie goes *splat!*

W. H. VON DREELE

Last Days of Roe?

IT WAS LEFT to Justice Scalia to remind his colleagues of the critical issue before them in the Court's reconsideration of *Roe* v. *Wade*. After listening to oral arguments by the counsel for Reproductive Health Services about the uncertainty of when human life begins, Scalia responded that he agreed with counsel, "But what conclusion does that lead you to?"—that therefore there must be a constitutional right to destroy this thing about which there is so much debate, or that its disposition is a matter for the democratic process to resolve? Although many prolifers have their own views on the rights guaranteed by the Constitution, it remains the case that prior to *Roe*, abortion policy in this country had always been a matter for disposition by the state legislatures.

However, cutting to the heart of the issue wasn't exactly the order of the day as the Court considered the validity of a Missouri anti-abortion statute challenging *Roe*. Spectators in the packed courtroom heard

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHO REFUSED TO LET 5,000 YEARS OF TRADITION STAND IN THE WAY OF OWNING A HOME?

For centuries, Asian families have pooled their incomes into one savings account. And, they've traditionally devoted more of their income to housing than most Americans do. Because of that, many Asian-Americans found themselves outside the routine underwriting guidelines for home mortgages.

So, with the help of other interested business people in the Chinatown community of Los Angeles, John Lee started a savings and loan. And with a package of excellent mortgages, he looked to the secondary mortgage market for a company that would be sensitive to the Asian culture. He only found one.

THE IDEA BEHIND ONE IN EIGHT AMERICAN HOMES.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

discussion of the sanctions that the State of Missouri thought appropriate for abortionists, discussion of viability versus quickening, and discussion of how the Court should approach hypothetical statutes *requiring* women to obtain abortions. And, of course, there was discussion of recent Supreme Court precedents—*Maher* and *Harris* and *Poelker* and *Colautti* and *Akron* and *Nyberg*. References, however, to the text of the Constitution, the intentions of those who framed its provisions, and the quality of analysis in *Roe* were notably sparse.

Perhaps all this was owing to the Justices' solicitude for their colleague Harry Blackmun (mercifully silent at the hearing), whose opinion in *Roe* continues 16 years after the fact as the classical exercise in judicial legislation unconstrained by constitutional text or history. Perhaps, too, former Solicitor General Charles Fried, arguing for the United States on behalf of Missouri, could have better helped to spotlight the issue had he not chosen to separate *Roe* from progenitor cases in which the High Court also reached out to create new pseudo-constitutional rights in sexually related areas. Fried rejected the analysis of Robert Bork, who has argued that, unwise and imprudent as they might have been, state laws limiting the purchase of contraceptives in the mid Sixties did not raise constitutional problems. On matters on which the Constitution is silent—contraception as well as abortion—policy determinations are left to the people acting through their elected representatives.

While Fried (unlike Bork) is on the politically correct side in making the abortion/contraception distinction, his is a constitutionally untenable argument that required him to make fine, highly legalistic points rather than being able clearly to challenge the fundamental premise that the Court is entitled to concoct new rights out of constitutional whole cloth.

By pursuing his strategy, Fried also made himself more vulnerable to arguments from the counsel for the pro-abortion position that it is becoming increasingly difficult with modern forms of birth control to distinguish between contraception and abortion. "The bright line . . . has now been extinguished," pointed out the counsel for Reproductive Health Services.

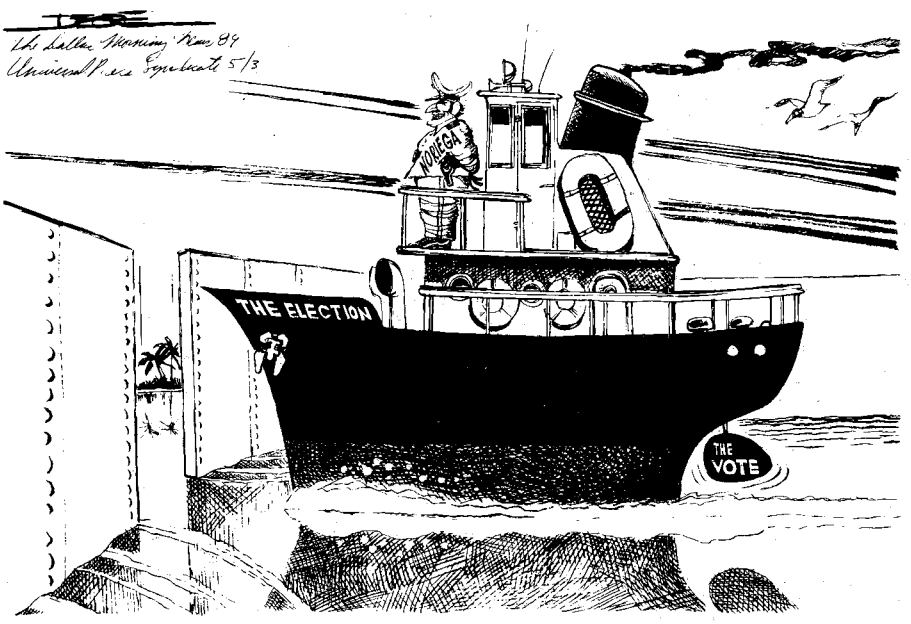
All eyes are clearly turned toward Justice O'Connor. She did not tip her hand at the hearing and will, no doubt, be agonizing over the question until the announcement of the Court's decision in late June or early July. While purists would prefer a constitutionally intelligible opinion sweeping away the detritus of *Roe* v. *Wade*, others will settle, for the time being, for one significantly curtailing abortion-on-demand.

Root Causes

IT WAS NEARLY two weeks before the Central Park jogger began to come out of the coma into which her rapists had put her. In the meantime, thousands of words had been written about the "root causes" that drove her attackers to their execrable act. This time, the public wasn't buying it. Several commentators even heaped scorn on root-cause methodology.

True, the attackers were black, and that in itself seemed to hale forth the usual explanations of slavery, discrimination, poverty, and lack of recreational facilities. But it transpired that these youths weren't especially poor; some came from working-class homes where both parents held respectable jobs, and the crime occurred 126 years after the Emancipation Proclamation.

The public's angrily ironic reaction to the socio-economic explanation may mark the end of an era. For a generation or so, race and poverty have served as the occult forces of a secularized age, taking over the function once performed by heavenly alignments and eclipses. Every age seems to have its own version of determinism to get free agents off the hook: astrology for the Babylonians, sociology for us.



Black crime may be an embarrassment, but white liberalism's infinite regression of exculpation is an insult. Nobody cited Richard Nixon's tough childhood as an explanation, let alone a "cause," of the Watergate cover-up; he and his aides were accorded the dignity of being presumed morally autonomous. The idea that acts of diabolically gratuitous cruelty, when committed by blacks, are "caused" by forces beyond their control would, if true, constitute the best argument for segregation, or even slavery. It implies that the two races are virtually two spe-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHO HELPED TURN A NIGHTMARE INTO A DREAM FOR 88 FAMILIES IN ATLANTA?

Oak Valley Court stood empty, run-down, and virtually uninhabitable.

But, Sandra Hartman of Hartman Investment Co., David Abernathy of Meritor Mortgage Corp., and the city of Atlanta wouldn't let it stay that way.

And, with the backing of one of the key companies in the secondary mortgage market and its promise to finance the acquisition and renovation mortgage, they turned Oak Valley Court into what it is today. Home.

For 88 low income families.

THE IDEA BEHIND ONE IN EIGHT AMERICAN HOMES.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cies, one endowed with rationality and self-control, the other subhuman and beneath moral suasion.

The whole "root cause" approach is false to our most rudimentary everyday experience. We intuitively know our freedom whenever we choose a laundry detergent or move a pawn on the chessboard. These acts are perfectly intelligible on their own terms. Our prior history accounts for our awareness of the options of the moment; but the moment itself is always free. No observer's knowledge of the past could enable him to predict a choice while the agent himself is deliberating.

All of which goes without saying, when we're dealing with whites. That the causal idiom should be applied almost exclusively to black behavior is the best evidence of the lurking racism that preoccupies liberals. The boys who raped and nearly murdered the jogger were perversely glorying in their freedom; they were more like Leopold and Loeb than any stereotype victim. And the real egalitarians are those who still understand that the Devil is an equal-opportunity employer.

First in the Hearts Of His Countrymen

GEORGE WASHINGTON, the anniversary of whose first inauguration two hundred years ago was celebrated in New York last month with an appropriately American mixture of solemnity and silliness, has a reputation like a good blue-chip stock. Passing tremors in the historical markets do not budge it; it responds instead only to major, long-term shifts.

The first change in the near adoration with which his contemporaries and successors viewed him began after the Civil War, as Americans, trying to make sense of that conflict, assigned it an importance equal to or greater than the Revolution. The first and profoundest of these re-evaluators was Abraham Lincoln, who collapsed the Revolution into the Declaration of Independence, and linked that to his own struggle against slavery. With Lincoln's assassination, Washington suddenly acquired a peer.

More damaging were the Marxoid historians of the 1920s. Charles Beard discovered that the Founding Fathers were a band of money-grubbers, pursuing their class interests. In time, Marxism gave way to its bastard French relative, structuralism: history as factoids and figures. Washington could not fare well under either system.

Inexorably, the pendulum has been swinging back. For thirty years, historians have been studying the ideological sources of the Revolution. Washington was not a creative thinker on the order of Jefferson, Madison, or Hamilton. But he was a typical eighteenth-century gentleman, which is to say, a man familiar with classical and contemporary political theory—thoroughly conversant with the ideas for which he pledged his life, his considerable fortune, and his sacred honor.

There are also signs (e.g., *The Glorious Cause*, the recent Oxford University Press history of the Revolution) that we are recovering an appreciation of the importance of personal character. In Washington's case, this means heroic character. Even among the Founders, he stands out. Away from his limpid words, Jefferson, for example, was often devious, arrogant, and obtuse. Hamilton, a far more humane figure, was a disastrous politician. The same might be said of John Adams. Washington alone unfailingly did what was needful. So he wasn't as good a general as Frederick the Great (though Frederick admired his operations at Princeton and Trenton). He kept the Continental Army in the field, learned as he went, and ended up receiving Cornwallis's sword. So he couldn't have written a *Federalist Paper*. The weightiest argument for the new Constitution, as its friends and enemies all knew, was Washington's support of it. The best guarantee of its endurance was his steady Presidency, and his voluntary retirement.

Three months after the festivities in New York, the French will celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of their revolution. It is not a happy comparison. "Of any practical experience in the state," wrote Burke of the members of the Third Estate, "not one man was to be found. The best were men of theory." He wrote before the Terror, when the true character of French theory became manifest.

There was something severe about Washington that rebuked impertinence, shamed pettiness. His favorite play, appropriately, was a Stoic costume drama, Joseph Addison's *Cato*, whose most famous lines declare

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it.

Washington did both. When America breaks out the fifes and drums again in 2089, the main reason there will be an America will still be that he was there, in war and peace, three centuries earlier.

Earl 'Red' Blaik, R I P

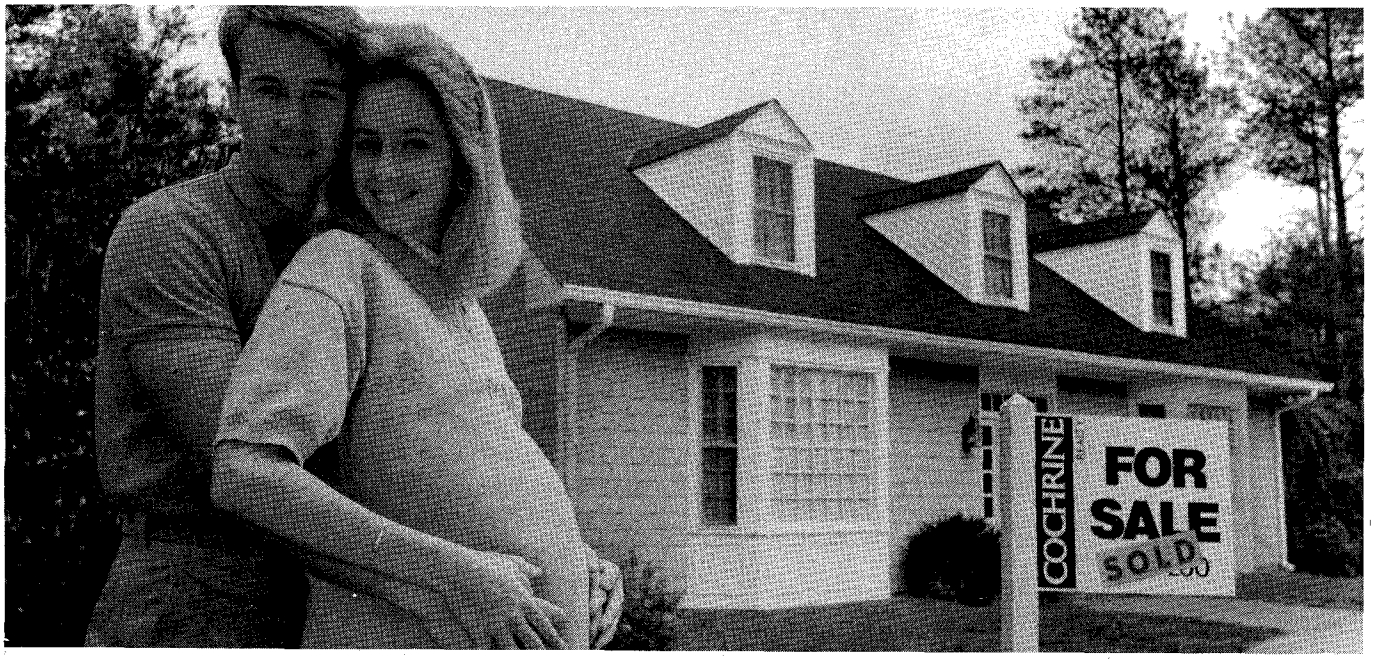
EARL BLAIK was more than a great football coach. In later life he made his mark in the upper echelon of corporate life. He was a long-time confidant of Douglas MacArthur, and a new one of Robert Kennedy when the latter was Attorney General; Kennedy called upon him to help to defuse racial tension during the civil-rights upheaval in the early Sixties.

As a coach he was at once cerebral and inspirational. His assistant coaches included Vince Lombardi, Paul Dietzel, Herman Hickman, and Tom Cahill—legends in their own right.

Perhaps Blaik's most spectacular achievement on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHO'S DOING WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE IN HOUSING?



The company that made a difference in Texas, in the Chinatown community in Los Angeles and in Atlanta.

Freddie Mac. The Federal Home Loan Mortgage Corporation.

Since 1970, we've done all we can to keep home mortgages available and affordable. By finding private capital to help finance mortgages.

And we do it in a lot of ways.

With mortgage purchase programs.

With rigorous standards and quality control procedures. And by pooling and packaging loans into guaranteed securities of attractive yield.

All of which is helping keep homes within the reach of buyers and renters at every income level.

Freddie Mac.

$373 billion in mortgages on more than 7 million homes.

That should give you a pretty good idea of who's doing what needs to be done in housing. And we've been at it less than 20 years.

THE IDEA BEHIND ONE IN EIGHT AMERICAN HOMES.

Freddie Mac

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the gridiron occurred on a cold November Saturday in Hanover, New Hampshire. The opposing Cornell team was number two in the nation. Cornell had three complete varsity teams. Blaik's Dartmouth team was thin on personnel, and had a mediocre record. Yet aided by a tricky and shifting defense Blaik had devised, Dartmouth controlled the game all afternoon, and led 3-0 going into the final minutes. Desperately throwing passes, Cornell seemed to score on the final play of the game for a 7-3 victory. But wait. Films showed that Cornell had scored on an illegal *fifth down*. The next day, they forfeited. Dartmouth 3, Cornell 0. At the end of the year, sportswriters voted this the most spectacular athletic achievement of 1940.

Old-timers testify that Blaik was the kind of coach you would walk through a wall for.

He died at 91, in Colorado Springs.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In your reply to Mr. Caplan of New York [March 10], you assert that "George Washington was not a terrorist under any definition." Maybe, although those Americans who during the conflict suffered atrocious abuse for their loyalty to their King might feel tempted to dispute that point. He was certainly a rebel, and, bearing in mind his service in the Virginia militia under Dinwiddie during the French and Indian Wars, an oathbreaker; that is, he swore allegiance to the Crown in 1754, and made war against it in 1775.

It seems curious, and is certainly awkward, for American conservatives to lionize this revolutionary figure. The problem points toward one of the principal difficulties of American conservatism, which is that it attempts to exist as a conservative force while being reconciled to the present regime's revolutionary, republican, egalitarian foundations. Cf. the name of your more conservative party, or the idea of "the pursuit of happiness" as an end of government.

Sincerly,
Patrick Cain
University of Toronto
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Mr. Cain: You tread in very deep waters. A refined historical understanding of the actions of George Washington inclines one to the belief that it was the other George who broke the tacit contract between the Crown and its subjects. Cordially, WFB

☐ NOTICE TO ALL INTERESTED AND INTERESTING PEOPLE: Mr. Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, our European correspondent, will travel once again in the United States this year but only during October and November. He will, as we have previously advertised, speak on any subject, in any language, to any group prepared to listen to one of the world's most stimulating men. Write directly to him, address: A-6072 Lans, Tyrol, Austria.

☐ Dear Bill:

As one who writes regularly on geopolitical affairs, you may be interested in the attached essay of mine re what I call "semantic black holes" in our language of politics relating to the Soviet Union. The three examples of namelessness examined in this piece, which is pending publication in a major newspaper, are:

a) the absence in our language of a proper antonym for the seductive Russian word *glasnost*;

b) the absence, also, of a proper antonym for the powerful Russian word *perestroika*; and

c) the continued namelessness of the Soviets' SDI equivalent—their "Starsky Warsky," so to speak.

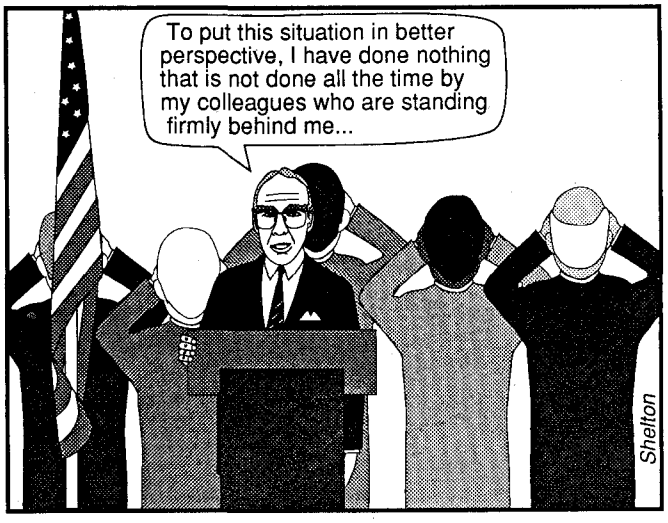
If you agree that these gaps in our language pose a significant problem, please consider ways in which your own excellent Op-Ed writing might help to get *skrytnost* (the Russian word for the closedness, hiddenness, and official silence of the Leninist system), *pokazukha* (the Russian word for what is superficial, temporary, and essentially meaningless), and Soviet Star Wars (SSW) into common usage.

Your insertion of any or all of these terms into your writing would undoubtedly prompt others in journalism and in academia to follow suit with appropriate words and actions of their own.

With continued good wishes, I remain,

Sincerely,
Jim Guirard Jr.
Washington, D.C.

Dear Jim: See your point, but to go around talking about *skrytnost* and *pokazukha* would terminate whatever reputation I have left for writing in English. Cordially, —WFB


To put this situation in better perspective, I have done nothing that is not done all the time by my colleagues who are standing firmly behind me...
Shelton

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COOL HAND LUCAS

WILLIAM McGURN

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Hardly had George Bush put forward William Lucas as his choice to head the civil-rights division of the Justice Department than the Empire struck back. A cause for "apprehension," said the white director of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, Ralph Neas. "A civil-rights nonentity," sniffed the *New York Times*. "Not really sensitive to the issues that affect black people," said the executive secretary of the Detroit chapter of the NAACP, Tyrone Tillery.

In the two weeks since then, however, Mr. Lucas has breathed new life into the politics-as-strange-bedfellows theory. Conservatives like him because he's a former cop who's opposed to racial quotas. And although the NAACP followed the lead of its Detroit wing and came out against him, the endorsements from the rest of the black community read like a Who's Who: the Reverend Jesse Jackson, Mayor Andrew Young of Atlanta, the Reverend Joseph Lowery of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, etc. Even Representative John Conyers (D., Mich.), a senior member of the Congressional Black Caucus, has added his name to the rolls, saying that Mr. Lucas would do a "fine job"—quite a change from just three years ago when he likened Mr. Lucas to "some Jews who led their brothers and sisters into the ovens of the Holocaust."

Who is this man who has provoked such contradictory emotions? The short story is that the 61-year-old Mr. Lucas is a former Democrat who served as sheriff and executive of Wayne County—the nation's fourth largest—before switching to the Republican Party in 1985. The full tale would embarrass even Horatio Alger: the son of Caribbean immigrants, Mr. Lucas grew up in Harlem, was orphaned, went to Manhattan College on a track scholarship, and became a New York City police officer, during which time he put himself through Fordham Law at night. Somewhere in between he found time to marry his high-school sweetheart and raise a bunch of kids, three of whom are doctors. Attorney General Dick Thornburgh wasn't exaggerating when he called Mr. Lucas an American "success story."

MR. LUCAS'S political career is no less compelling. In 1963, at the special request of Bobby Kennedy, he put in a short stint at the Department of Justice before joining the FBI. In 1968 he was recruited to become undersheriff of Wayne County (an area that includes Detroit); he became sheriff shortly thereafter and was re-elected several times. In 1983 he was elected county executive, in which position he made several tough decisions that caused him to run afoul of the ruling clique of Mayor Coleman Young. So in 1985 he switched parties and ran against the Democratic incumbent, Governor Jim Blanchard. He was soundly defeated.

Back in Detroit that defeat wasn't enough for Mayor Young and company. They still have not forgiven Mr. Lucas for becoming a Republican, and seen in this light the opposition to his nomination takes on a decidedly partisan—even parochial—hue. "Most of this just gets back to the nonsense that we must all be Democrats," says the nominee's brother, the Reverend Lawrence Lucas of Resurrection Roman Catholic Church in Harlem. Lest he be mistaken for a born-again Thomas Sowell, Father Lucas makes it clear that the only thing he holds in less regard than the Republican Administration are the "weak Nellies" among the black establishment opposing his brother's appointment. "They give the impression that they can't make a move on their own without checking with Ralph Neas," he says.

Indeed, what most galls folks like Mr. Neas or People for the American Way is that President Bush has had the temerity to nominate a Republican rather than reach into the civil-rights establishment. The supposed outrage over Mr. Lucas's name is all the more absurd given the man's essentially moderate record. Although presented as a staunch foe of affirmative action, for example, he has spoken little on the issue; when he has it's immediately apparent that he's by no means an absolutist. Perhaps he is suspected of being a conservative because of a 1985 federal-appeals-court finding that he may have winked at police brutality and overstuffed his jails with too many criminals. If so, critics would do well to drop this one because that is the kind of charge that will only enhance his popular standing.

Ditto with the concern over Mr. Lucas's lack of experience. He may not have spent much time in court quibbling over the finer points of civil-rights legislation. But he has spent it on the streets, as a law-enforcement officer in major American cities with large black populations who live without the basic constitutional rights to life and limb. "To Bill Lucas civil rights are not an abstraction," says the chief of the Houston Police and member of the National Organization of Black Law Enforcement Executives, Lee Brown. "This is something he's dealt with on a day-to-day basis, and it's very real to him."

Ironically, as it's now unfolding,

Mr. McGurn is NR*'s Washington Editor.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America's black leadership is proving more enthusiastic about Mr. Lucas than the Administration that nominated him. The NAACP attempt at a pre-emptive first strike against his appointment has failed, and even the mostly Democratic black leadership has come out in Mr. Lucas's favor. This may be only electoral Realpolitik, inasmuch as blacks have to start questioning whether they really want to be the only ethnic group in America identified solely with one party—particularly the one that isn't going anywhere these days. Even so the Lucas endorsements are important as the first public black dissent from the No Salvation Outside the Democratic Party chorus.

The White House, by contrast, is still playing the old game: trying to get blacks to endorse Mr. Lucas because he's black (but without saying so) and sneaking him through so that his Senate hearings don't turn into another Bork. That's a pity, because the issues that separate Bill Lucas from civil-rights orthodoxy today are well worth exploring. And those with the most at stake here are more than ready to hear him. □

THE PAST AS PROLOGUE

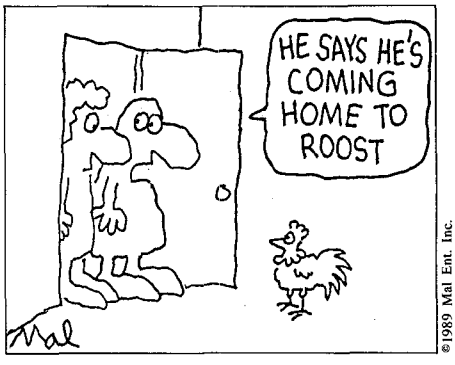
LINDA BRIDGES

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—This is where I came in. The first Philadelphia Society conference I attended was in 1981, three months after the inauguration of President Reagan, and the unofficial theme was: Where do we go from here? This year, three months after the inauguration of President Bush, the official theme was: "The Reagan Years as Prologue."

The cast list offered a yeasty mixture of official troops and guerrilla outriders—of members of the Reagan Administration, that is, carrying on in public now the debates they engaged in intramurally during the previous eight years; and of journalists and academics, who in theory at least are able to take a more disinterested view of those disputes. Ed Meese led off on Friday evening by listing a number of very real accomplishments of the Reagan Presidency, while criticizing the timidity of those of his erstwhile colleagues who pressed a "no-risk policy," which all too often means a no-win policy. Whereas Martin Anderson, the next morning, found very little to criticize in the Administration he had served for six years as a member of the President's Economic Policy Advisory Board.

On the achievements, the speakers were broadly agreed: the striking improvement in the economy, brought about largely by the reduction of marginal tax rates and the establishment of stable monetary policies; the defense buildup, including improved conventional capabilities, strategic modernization, and above all the concept of Strategic Defense; the judiciary, where the choices of appointees were guided by, as Mr. Meese phrased it, "a philosophy of original intent and judicial restraint"; the revival of federalism, which, as Ken Cribb reminded us, was part of the structure by which the Founders reified the Bill of Rights; and the invasion of Grenada and the bombing of Libya, which, as Gerald Frost of Britain's Center for Policy Studies pointed out, showed "that, indeed, America did have the ability to use force with discrimination."

On the failures, there was more disagreement. To Martin Anderson, Ronald Reagan's "greatest achievement" was that he "turned the arms race around," with the INF treaty a major part of that achievement; whereas to *The New Republic*'s Fred Barnes, Reagan's "romantic fling with Mikhail Gorbachev" was a huge mistake; and to Gerald Frost the INF treaty "has tended to strengthen America's critics and weaken her friends"—an assessment that has been borne out by the events of the last few weeks. To Allan Meltzer, of Carnegie-Mellon University, unlike many politicians, who look no further than the next election, "President Reagan had a vision," and his Administration's failures were mainly failures to "convert the vision into a strategy and then into tactics"—most notably on deregulation and on Central America—a point sadly confirmed by our one Central American speaker, former Mont Pelerin Society president, Manuel Ayau. Jeffrey Gayner of the Heritage Foundation offered a rating of the implementation of the Reagan Doctrine: success in Grenada; modest success in Afghanistan; failure in Nicaragua; and debacle in Mozambique, "where we support the wrong side." He was also constrained to put SDI in the negative column: it's the most important priority we have, "but instead of reaching the stars, we haven't got this program off the drawing board."



So much for the Reagan Administration—except for a closing thought from Dan Oliver, who has served now in Washington in almost as many posts as Elliot Richardson, but with conspicuously more panache. Mr. Oliver began his introduction to the Saturday luncheon session by saying: "My own experience . . . is that the closer the observer has been to the battlefield on which the Reagan Revolution was fought—and especially if the observer has been a combatant—the more likely he will be to have seen the opportunities that were missed, and they will cloud his vision of the accomplishments that were achieved."

So what is the outlook for President Bush? Martin Anderson reminds us that we're warned every day of trade deficits, budget deficits, "deficits as far as the eye can see—and yet, I sometimes have the uneasy feeling that things are pretty good and are likely to get better." Another plus, said Mr. Anderson, is "the revolutionary political changes" abroad—"a new wave of capitalism" in the world, with, as Richard Allen stated, a prosperous and mostly free Pacific Basin, "the importance of [which] in strategic terms grows day by day," as we come up to the 1992 economic unification of Europe.

But if Mr. Bush faces opportuni-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ties, he also faces obstacles, primary among them, according to Stan Evans, "the permanent, unelected government, which does not go away even when a Ronald Reagan is elected." This government consists of the courts, the permanent executive-branch bureaucracy, vendors to the government, ideological interest groups, and the media, and it is determined to put an end to the conservative revolution: after Bush's election, said Mr. Evans, this "whole community mobilized to explain why George Bush had to enact Dukakis's program." Paul Weyrich agreed that the biggest problems President Bush will face do not come from outside our borders but from within a ten-mile radius of his new residence. But Mr. Weyrich puts most of the blame on Congress. The Founders, he said, had envisioned a part-time legislature, and that's what we had even up to the Sixties; but it is now full-time, "partly because these people don't want to go home and face their neighbors . . . and face the laws that they have helped to promulgate."

As for the man facing these challenges, Bill Murchison of the *Dallas Morning News*, who has been well placed to observe his career, asked the question, "Is George Bush conservative? Yes, I think he is": he's a patriot, a defender of a free economy and of a "traditional Western understanding of morals." But to the question "Is he *a* conservative?" Mr. Murchison had to answer no: "He does not thrive . . . on conservative ideas." However, that, in turn, creates a challenge but also an opportunity for American conservatives: "We conservatives depended too much on 'Ron' to do the job for us." Now, "the conservative movement will have to begin to move again." There's every reason to think Bush will listen to us on matters like pornography, drugs, and education; on foreign affairs, to the annoyance of the *New York Times* et al., he so far appears not to have been bitten by Gorbymania.

Had we but world enough and time . . . There were other fine speakers whom space precludes mentioning, including a whole grim panel on the future of American education. But I must just mention the heavy betting that was going on around the bar on the question, Would John O'Sullivan, whom the Society's perpetual secretary, Don Lipsett, had devilishly assigned to chair the Sunday-morning session, actually be in his place by the near-dawn hour of 9:30 A.M.? (He was.) And the last word goes to Mont Pelerinian Antonio Martino, quoted by Dan Oliver: "We must be patient with history, and remember that Rome wasn't burned in a day." □

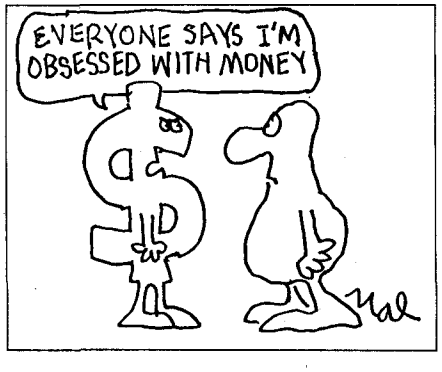
UNIQUENESS AND SLEAZE

WILLY STERN

TOKYO—The Japanese maddeningly pride themselves on their uniqueness. They delight in telling us that their "unique" society accounts for their special abilities. How else to explain the better cars, the crime-free streets, the harmonious system? The Japanese often point out that the United States' "open" society is responsible for its many failures. How else to explain the gunfights in our streets, our lazy workers, and our legislators who childishly bash a Toshiba radio-cassette player on the steps of the Capitol?

Then enter the Recruit scandal. The roots to this tale of influence peddling, corruption, and deceit lie in the uniquely Japanese system of *kinken-seiji*, money-politics. The scandal has brought out the darker side of many elements in the Unique System that Western journalists have long ignored and Japanologists admired. These include the stability provided by the uninterrupted 34-year reign of the Liberal Democratic Party (LDP), the cozy interconnections among big business, the LDP, and the vast bureaucracy, and the unquestioned right of a closeknit elite to guide Japan's future.

The story of the scandal is well known by now. Hiromasa Ezoe, the ambitious founder and former chairman of the Recruit Company, had a problem. For the sake of his company, Ezoe was determined to break into Japan's inner circle, where he could hobnob at Ginza nightspots with influential bureaucrats and play golf with the likes of former Prime Minister Yashuhiro Nakasone. But he lacked the right family ties and, even worse, headed up an upstart firm, not one of Japan's entrenched conglomerates.



©1989 Mal Ent. Inc.

Japan's politicians also had a problem. It takes about $1 million annually to cover a typical Diet member's political operations, and the government only provides $150,000. The balance has traditionally come from "dangerous money"—mostly business donations. So Ezoe was merely conducting money-politics as usual, except that he made two mistakes. He spread around more than is normal, and, according to the prosecutors, he exacted special favors in return.

The rest is history, although observers outside Japan have underestimated the scandal's magnitude. Imagine an affair that led to George Bush's resignation, and also engulfed most of his Cabinet and *every* conceivable presidential replacement from Gerald Ford to Jack Kemp, from Jesse Jackson to Pat Schroeder. Throw in the related arrest of Lee Iacocca, and the forced retirement of the *Washington Post*'s chairman of the board, Katharine Graham, and you begin to get the picture.

The Japanese would have us believe that the scandal, by revealing the sleaze factor in the interplay of big business and politics, will ultimately contribute to its cleansing. Highly unlikely. Others have asked just what kind of democracy Japan is. They point out that Japan's political system has never provided any impetus to change its reliance on money-politics

Mr. Stern is an American correspondent based in Tokyo.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Japan remains tied to an archaic system where business supplies the huge funds it takes to keep the LDP in power. The party, in turn, conspires with the bureaucracy to write the laws that keep the Japanese companies prosperous. Since 1945, it has subjugated most other considerations to forging an economic powerhouse and has succeeded brilliantly.

Finally poised on the verge of superpower status, the Japanese have found that, whoops, their political system more closely resembles Tammany Hall than that of an aspiring leader of the free world. Awash in a sea of yen, Japan seems unable to come to grips with the fact that the Unique System that brought the opulence may forever be its Achilles' heel. Her domestic political future now is, as a local paper reported, "caught between the unimaginable and the unacceptable." The traditional and heretofore effective LDP formula for political damage control has been used: First say you know nothing about the dirty money. If they prove you knew, say you didn't personally receive any. And if they prove you did, say, What the heck, everyone else did too. But this typically Japanese tactic of evasion didn't work this time. The entire top echelon of the LDP is tainted.

Takeshita, for his part, was the consummate LDP politician—a gifted fundraiser and crafty backroom bargainer whose legendary elusiveness was a source of pride. That he lacked a sense of global perspective merely made him typical of his peers. Although Takeshita didn't create the Unique System that finally derailed him, it was his ability to maneuver within it that led to his stewardship of Japan.

Will Japan learn its lesson? Unlikely, says Masahiko Ishizuka, the editor of the prestigous *Japan Economic Journal*. He explains: "The situation requires a new type of political leader capable of thinking beyond his narrow interests and taking a wider world view, but we just don't have anyone like that in sight." Typically, the number-one concern in Japan now is not how to clean up the system, but fear that the U.S. will use Tokyo's paralysis to gain an upper hand in pending bilateral trade issues.

The Japanese themselves simply do not see the scandal as a sign that change is in order. Sure, the normal mutterings about the need for political reform are heard, but, after all, the stock market is zinging along at record levels and the economy is more vibrant than ever. From a Japanese perspective, this proves all is well. Absent a real shock (i.e., a major economic downturn), the Japanese seem likely to muddle along with money-politics while running up enviable trade surpluses and wondering why they have not been accepted as a superpower yet. This is the unique quandary for the unique Japanese. □

YALE STRIKES GOLD

JEFFREY HART

New Haven, Conn.—Are the Sixties over at last? Abbie Hoffman has now committed suicide, and the new Dean of Yale College is Donald Kagan, a pre-eminent classical scholar and a man of sterling, no-nonsense, academic principle.

Dean Kagan's *magnum opus*, the product of twenty years' work, is a four-volume history of the Peloponnesian War between Athens and Sparta, shedding fascinating new light on Thucydides' classic text, which has been carefully examined for over two thousand years. The authoritative reviewers have said firmly that this work will be the benchmark in the field well into the next century, and have unanimously praised Kagan's lucid style, learning, and pioneering use of comparative material.

Thucydides is at the center of Western culture, Thucydides and Athens. In his history we see crystallized three ideas which are of permanent importance, which are constitutive of Western civilization. As Edward N. Luttwak has pointed out in a fine review of Kagan, these ideas are: "the idea of science—that is, the quest for rational explanations by refutable hypotheses, invented by the ancient Greeks alone and by no one else; the idea of democracy and its concomitant, the priority of freedom as the greatest happiness, most famously expressed by Pericles in the funeral oration, which Thucydides reports (or improves), but concretely manifest in the detailed political practices he records; and the idea of the individual personality as a universe of consciousness, rather than as a mere fragment of some imposed collectivity, whether tribe, nation, civic community, or family, whether caste, faith, class, or party." Breathing that clear Ionian intellectual air, you are no longer a cultural relativist.

Three years ago, during Yale's "shanty" episode, Professor, and now Dean, Kagan delivered a Periclean address entitled "A Lamentation on the Destruction of the Basic Principles of a University at Yale." Reading these words one is surprised that he continued to be employed, much less made Dean of Yale College. A few excerpts:

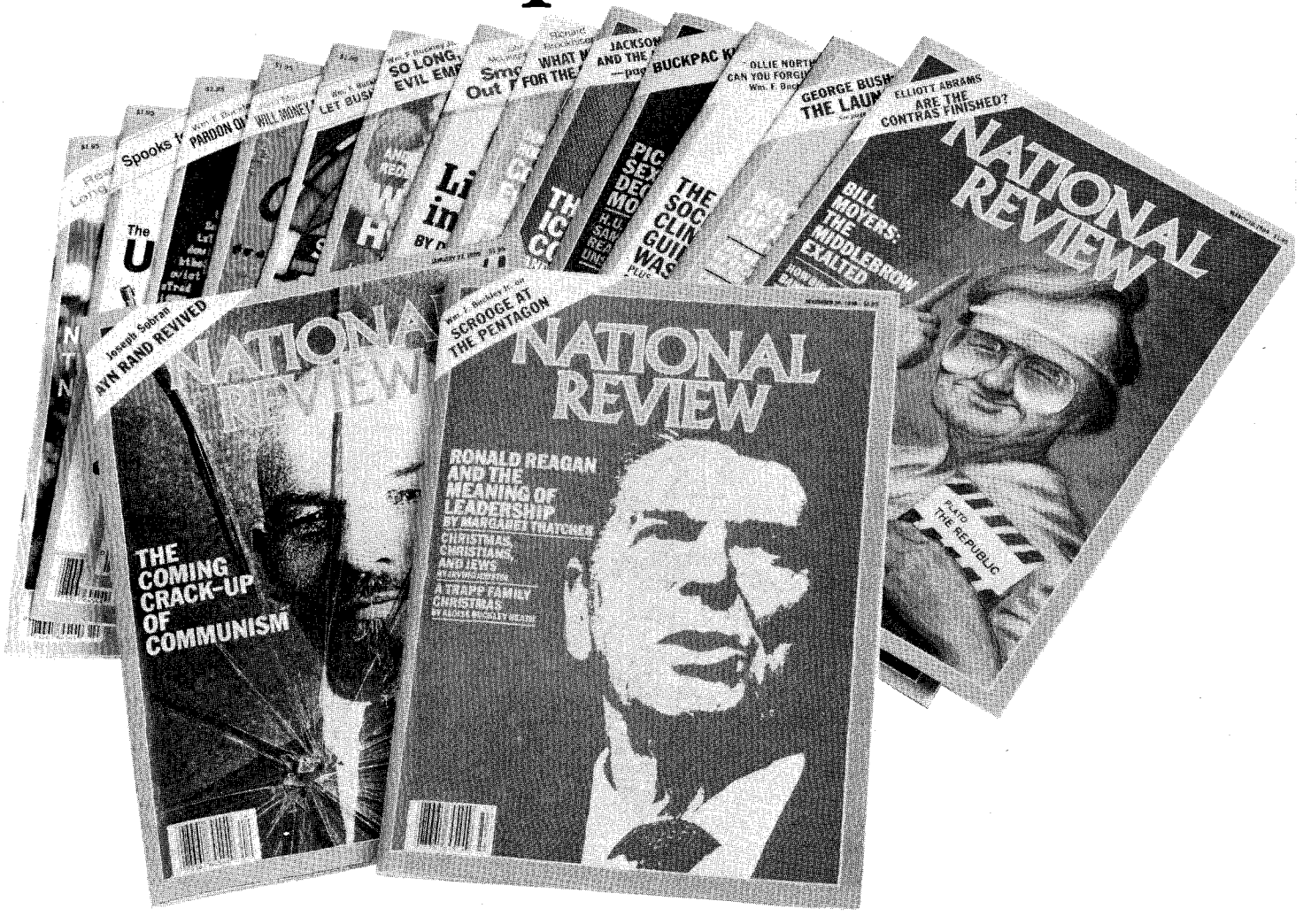
"When the demonstrators occupied Beinecke Plaza with their structures and themselves they did more than violate the rights of others to use it in the usual ways. When they blocked the entrance to a building they did more than deny access to people who had a right to go about their business peacefully without harassment. . . . With each action they assaulted a principle basic to the life of a university in a free society—that reason and persuasion, not coercion, must govern the behavior of those who take part in it. When the university failed to enforce its own rules it also failed to uphold that principle, the defense of which is its fundamental duty. . . . I speak because principle and freedom from disruption, intimidation, and coercion are dead at Yale, at least for the moment."

Well, maybe not dead after all, now that the great Thucydides scholar has become Dean of the College.

And this may have reverberations far beyond the New Haven campus. Will the professional tergiversators who govern on other campuses dare to risk comparison with Dean Kagan? Will he not, to some degree at least, teach by example? Will he not stiffen their Jello spines? After all, he takes his stand on the firm ground of Western values, which today seem increasingly synonymous with human values. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not only the facts, the passion.


NATIONAL REVIEW
THE COMING CRACK-UP OF COMMUNISM
NATIONAL REVIEW
RONALD REAGAN AND THE MEANING OF LEADERSHIP
BY MARGARET THATCHER
NATIONAL REVIEW
BILL MOYERS: THE MIDDLEBROW EXALTED
NATIONAL REVIEW
ELLIOTT ABRAMS ARE THE CONTRAS FINISHED?
NATIONAL REVIEW
Joseph Sobran AYN RAND REVIVED
Wm. F. Buckley Jr. on SCROOGE AT THE PENTAGON

Not many people can say they feel the passion from reading a news magazine. **National Review** readers can. NR keeps you in touch with the "other" point of view which has come to be a necessity for the truly informed person in these days of "homogenized" news reporting. **National Review** gives your own opinions the critical balance that can make your views and conversations more interesting.

But the benefits of getting NR regularly don't stop with this special coverage of current events. There is an abundance of other features to expand your horizons and delight your sense of humor. All of this makes **National Review** one of the best buys around. All *you* have to do to start enjoying some of the best journalism in America is to fill out the handy postpaid card and mail it back to us. (If the card is missing just use the coupon at the right.)

It entitles *you* to the next 15 big issues of **National Review** at the special introductory rate of just $17.95. It's the first step in the *right* direction.

For all the right reasons.

NATIONAL REVIEW
Subscription Department
P.O. Box 96639; Washington, D.C. 20077-7471

❑ I'd like my news magazine to give me a stimulating point of view. I'll try a 15-issue (7 months) subscription for only $17.95.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Send no money. We will bill you.
Foreign subscribers, please add $6.90 (U.S. currency).

SA62PAS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEVILLE II

Neville Chamberlain went to Munich with his umbrella;
Hans-Dietrich Genscher goes to Moscow to take down the nuclear umbrella.
Through native talent, hard work, and the peculiarities of
West German electoral politics, Genscher has put himself in a position to bring us

APPEASEMENT IN OUR TIME

HELGA WALTER

IN THE SPACIOUS Bonn office of Hans-Dietrich Genscher, West Germany's foreign minister, hang two portraits: of Otto von Bismarck and the perennial foreign minister of Weimar Germany, Gustav Stresemann. Only its occupant can explain why two such divergent political personalities adorn his walls, but one possible answer suggests itself. Both men felt a need to reassure the East. Both signed treaties with the Russians. Stresemann, in particular, vowed friendship and cooperation with Moscow. During all the coalition shifts of the Weimar Republic, his continuity in office gave him great influence over domestic as well as foreign policy.

Genscher, the longest-serving foreign minister in the Western world, enjoys similar influence. Ronald Reagan was known as the Teflon President, but German Teflon gives even greater protection. Not even the political storm over the Libyan poison-gas affair undermined the foreign minister, although he had received information, as early as April 22, 1980, that Libya was developing a factory to produce chemical weapons "with the assistance of unnamed East and West German experts." Later reports produced a growing weight of evidence of a West German role. By 1988 Genscher was well enough informed to warn his chancellor, Helmut Kohl. He did not do so. Even when he received a letter from George Shultz in November of last year, expressing American concern about German involvement in the Libyan plant, he failed to pass it on to the chancellor. Kohl was accordingly unprepared for this question during his visit to Washington later that month, or for the controversy that ensued.

There was a much earlier test of Genscher's Teflon coating in 1974, when the Guillaume spy controversy led to the fall of Chancellor Willy Brandt. Genscher was then the interior minister, responsible for state security and counter-espionage. Although he transmitted a "vague" suspicion that Günter Guillaume might be working for East Germany, the agent was allowed to remain in Brandt's office for another year and even accompany the chancellor to Norway on his vacation, where he gained easy access to NATO's top secrets. Yet when the spy was apprehended, Genscher not only survived the scandal, but was elevated to foreign minister—although many, especially in the Social Democratic Party (SPD), held him responsible for Brandt's fall—and to the chairmanship of the liberal Free Democratic Party (FDP).

GENSCHER'S POWER owes a good deal to the peculiarity of the West German electoral system. The larger parties, short of an absolute majority, have needed the FDP's swing votes to govern. They have thus rewarded the latter with important ministries.

Since Genscher's arrival in Bonn, the FDP has been excluded from the governing coalition only once, during the grand coalition of the SPD and the conservative CDU/CSU from 1966 to 1969. During that time, Genscher and the FDP have become synonymous. The saying is, "Where Genscher goes, the party follows." Genscher argues that his party's influence has kept Germany on a dependable middle course. It was this alleged benefit of continuity that helped to justify Genscher's survival as foreign minister during the abrupt change in government from Helmut Schmidt's SPD to Helmut Kohl's CDU in 1982.

Kohl, lacking the international profile of his predecessor, gave Genscher *carte blanche* to pursue his own foreign policy. Genscher proceeded to launch policies that frequently embarrassed the chancellor and that were in conflict with CDU/CSU principles. He conducted a particularly robust crusade for sanctions against South Africa, where he favors the ANC, as he also favors SWAPO in Namibia. In the latter, a former German colony which still has a large German population, he closed the busy German consulate in Windhoek and recognized the SWAPO terrorist leader, Sam Nujoma. In Angola, Genscher forbore to insist on Cuban troop withdrawal as a condition for Namibian independence. He also opposed aid for UNITA and Jonas Savimbi. Nowhere in Africa has Genscher given his support to the U.S. policy of blocking covert Communist aggression.

As in Africa, so in Central America. He suspended German development aid to El Salvador and recalled his ambassador. (The ambassador was reinstated only after vehement CDU/CSU protests.) Yet Genscher consistently supports generous aid to the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua.

At the beginning of this year, however, Genscher's in-

Mrs. Walter is deputy director of the National Strategy Information Center.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dependence appeared threatened. According to *Die Welt*, Kohl confronted Genscher at a meeting in his office in January: "If I had known of your foreign policy before, the 1982 coalition would not have come about."

HANS-DIETRICH GENSCHER was born on his grandparents' farm near Halle, in what is now East Germany, in 1927. Tragedy foreshortened his childhood when his father died suddenly of blood poisoning in 1937, and he had to assume the responsibility of head of the family.

Along with ten million other German young people, he became a member of the Hitler Youth; in due course he joined the army engineer corps. Barely 18 years old, the future foreign minister was taken prisoner on May 7, 1945, by the American Army. Ten days later he was turned over to the British, who, at the end of June, transported their German POWs westward to clear Saxony for the Soviet occupation. Genscher, however, elected to return to his mother's home in Halle, now in the Russian zone, where he remained for the next seven years.

Shortly after his return to Halle, he began his legal studies. He also joined the Liberal Democratic Party, a token opposition tolerated by the ruling Communists. He took no office, limiting his membership to paying dues and helping during elections, but the craft of party politics seemed to have already entered his bloodstream.

Then, during the winter of 1946, a long battle with tuberculosis started; it was ten years before he was finally cured of the disease. He continued his legal studies in a sanatorium in Halle, but decided to transfer to the University of Leipzig once he had recovered sufficiently to attend school again. There he passed his final exam in October 1949—the same month the German Democratic Republic was officially founded. Upon graduation, Genscher worked as a law clerk while writing a thesis on "Crimes against Humanity." But this thesis was never completed, because he suddenly left in August 1952 for Bremen in West Germany. In February 1953, his mother joined him in Bremen, and he received his license as a lawyer 19 months later. Despite a recurrence of tuberculosis that sent him back to the hospital, his career progressed steadily.

Over the next decade he worked his way up in the Free Democratic Party, winning election to parliament for the first time in 1965. His first speech to the Bundestag was on foreign policy and supported the Pan-European Peace Conference. In November of that same year, he was elected parliamentary business leader, the party chief who determines the front-bench FDP speakers in the Bundestag and the topics they will cover. Finding solutions, mobilizing influence, calculating power relationships, Genscher became the FDP's indispensable *apparatchik*.

When the coalition with the Social Democrats was formed in 1969, the still-youthful Genscher moved onto center stage as interior minister. In the next five years, he gave nearly a thousand speeches, not only to the Bundestag or at FDP events, but to innumerable civic groups. In those days he traveled mostly by helicopter, and whenever the roar of one was heard above Bonn, Genscher was assumed to be its occupant. Quite conservative in domestic politics—he once said that he had "skipped" socialism in his personal political development—he was a forceful interior minister who cracked down on West German terrorism, incurring the wrath of civil-liberties groups.

From the beginning, Genscher had an eye for popular issues—notably environmentalism and the energy crisis, which he dramatized by switching to another mode of conveyance: the bicycle. But he also gambled daringly to surmount crises. During the Olympic Games in Munich in 1972, when 11 Israelis were taken hostage by an Arab terrorist unit, he was at hand to negotiate personally with the terrorists and even offered himself in exchange for the hostages. When they were killed, the realization that he had been powerless seemed to devastate him—at least temporarily—and he offered Chancellor Brandt his resignation. It was not accepted. Bouncing back, he immediately summoned experts to design an elite force to cope with future emergencies. This was the birth of GSG9, the special forces of the Bundesgrenzschutz, which stormed the hijacked Lufthansa plane at Mogadishu airport in October 1977 and successfully freed 86 hostages.

But by then Genscher had been appointed foreign minister. He was originally seen as a political manipulator out of his depth in international affairs. But he threw himself into the job with zest.

His travel schedules have become legendary. At least two hundred days per year are spent away from Bonn. In 1988 alone he made 57 trips—and who else would visit Albania? During one UN session, he met separately with 15 foreign ministers in a single day. Genscher's compulsive need to be always and conspicuously on stage—though it keeps his small FDP in the headlines—can scarcely improve the health of a heart-arrhythmia patient. His "home" away from home" is a German Air Force Boeing 707 equipped with a desk, telephone, telex, fax machine, and bedroom. He is normally accompanied by a group of "court journalists" whom he flatters by including in policy discussions. Like statesmen closer to home, he has perfected the art of the self-serving leak.

WHEN YOU HAVE A MOMENT, DEAR, I'D LIKE TO DISCUSS THE MODERNIZATION OF OUR NUCLEAR DETERRENT WITH YOU...
WEST GERMANY
H. PAYNE
UNITED FEATURE SYND.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But Genscher does not suffer intelligent critics gladly *inside* the Foreign Ministry. So much so that several independent-minded diplomats have chosen early retirement. One of them, Joerg Kastl, who had been Germany's ambassador to Moscow, asked sarcastically in an article in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine* if Genscher had access to exclusive information to justify his insistent demands for Western incentives to "keep up steam to help reforms" in the Soviet Union. He also questioned Genscher's rationale for making four visits to the Soviet Union before receiving one return visit by his Soviet counterpart to Bonn. (Such a disproportionate number of visits are normally undertaken only by friends or satellites.) These views would clearly have made Kastl *persona non grata* with his chief.

Genscher's advancement of relatively young protégés to top positions will secure a Genscherite cadre well into the next century. Recent emplacements of "loyalists" include the appointment of Frank Elbe, a disarmament expert, as the new chief of staff. The top job in the political department has been filled by Dieter Kastrup, an experienced negotiator with the Warsaw Pact and someone more congenial to the goals of Genscher's *Ostpolitik* than was his

Under Eastern Eyes

THE SOVIETS never forget that Germany is the key to Europe. They own some of it and want the rest. Not, of course, to take over and occupy as part of the satellite empire. Oh, no! That would spoil everything.

The strategic aims are simple, and make sense: to channel the enormous productive capacity of West Germany eastward in order to salvage *perestroika*. For the Germans, the prizes are glittering: demolition of the Berlin Wall; reunification by stages; freedom from the danger of a war on, or above, German soil. The price to be exacted by the Soviets is high, but mainly from Germany's NATO partners: neutrality and the end of NATO.

On all of this, Soviet foreign policy has been tenaciously consistent. Early in 1954, less than a year after Stalin's death, Mólotov proposed a fifty-year collective-security pact, with Germany neutralized and divided.

The Soviets got nowhere with Konrad Adenauer as chancellor, but their chances improved when Willy Brandt took over in 1969 and launched *Ostpolitik*. The man who inspired and shaped *Ostpolitik* was Egon Bahr. Never in high office but enormously influential, Bahr is still around, and still influential.

While Helmut Schmidt was chancellor, the drift eastward was resisted. But with Helmut Kohl's coalition in power, the pro-Moscow tide started flowing nicely again. Meanwhile, with Schmidt no longer at their head, the Social Democrats, under Bahr's influence, adopted a policy of "security partnership" with the "States of the East"—a straight negation of NATO.

From Mikhail Gorbachev's standpoint, the Federal Republican plum is tantalizingly close to being ripe for the picking. That malleable giant, Helmut Kohl, is politically weaker than last year; and, thus, even more dependent on Hans-Dietrich Genscher. And Genscher knows it.

The Soviets' game plan (conceived long before Gorbachev made it to the top) involves hidden as well as open maneuvers. The hidden ones have been going on for a long time and involve contacts between parties and trade unions. During the 1970s, Vadim Zagladin, one of the smartest operators in the Soviet International Department, helped to bring the West German Trades Union Confederation into ongoing exchanges with the Soviet state-controlled unions (the AUCCTU). These exchanges continue.

On the party-to-party level, the ruling Soviet Communist Party sponsored and hosted a meeting of European Communist, Socialist, and Social Democratic parties, held in Brussels in June 1972. This conference spawned a permanent International Committee for European Security and Cooperation—a prime example of the new line in sophisticated Soviet fronts. (Zagladin is still around: he is on Gorbachev's presidential staff as advisor on Western Europe.) Gorbachev, on his Bonn visit, is expected to press for another such conference, in which the leading role would be played by Kohl's CDU (which was not involved in the 1972 affair).

As usual in such Soviet operations, preparations have been thorough. On March 29 last year, in a talk with the Italian Communist Party boss, Alessandro Natta, Gorbachev floated the idea of a conference of delegates from political parties from all over Europe. The theme would be "common interests"—in line with a favorite leitmotif of Soviet propaganda these days: a "common European home" (from which, by definition, the U.S. would be excluded).

Almost immediately afterward, Brandt was in Moscow, and Gorbachev raised the same proposal with him. Brandt was there in his capacity as president of the Socialist International, today a major conduit for Soviet themes. In May, another German visitor came along: Hans-Jochen Vogel, Brandt's successor as chairman of the West German SPD. Both Brandt and Vogel advised caution, in view of possible reticence on the part of the West German Christian Democrats.

The Soviets took the point. On October 7, Zagladin told the delegates to a West German Christian Democratic congress on foreign policy that the Soviet Union hoped that the CDU would play a major role in an all-party conference.

In December, Zagladin was in Paris heading a conference on East-West relations. He used the occasion for more lobbying.

On February 28 of this year, Natta's successor as Italian party boss, Achille Occhetto, saw Gorbachev in Moscow. The Soviet leader stressed his interest in a conference of "Communist, socialist, Christian, and other political forces in Europe." Note the "Christian." The strategy is in full swing.

—BRIAN CROZIER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The quick and easy way to learn a foreign language!

Each program comes with two 45-minute cassettes and a convenient phrase dictionary in a compact, 6" x 7" waterproof vinyl case.

ONLY $14.95 each

Based on the U.S. Military "Speed-up" Method of Language Learning

Programmed for Rapid Learning!

It's been scientifically proven that we remember words we *hear* better than words we see. That's why you'll find the two audiocassettes in each Language / 30 package more useful than all the language books money can buy. Just start listening to the tapes, repeat the foreign phrases a few times and, believe it or not, you'll begin speaking like a native. It's that simple!

Remember, Language / 30 is a learning tool that *works*. It incorporates the "speed-up" method of language learning—the same method used to train U.S. government personnel who work overseas.

With Language/30, you can practice your target language anytime, anywhere. You won't have to set aside hours just for language study. You can listen to Language / 30 while you're getting dressed, eating, driving to work, or even jogging. Whether you're studying French, Russian, Swahili, or any of the other 28 languages listed below, you'll improve your speaking fluency and listening comprehension *each time* you play the Language/30 tapes.

Speak with the Ease of a Native

Each Language/30 program features native voices speaking the most important and commonly used conversational phrases. You'll learn all the words you need to know for greetings, introductions, requests, and general conversations in hotels, restaurants, stores, theaters, and other places. And world-renowned linguist Charles Berlitz, explains the social customs and etiquette of the country.

So, whether you're going abroad for a short trip or an extended stay, you'll find that the fluency you've gained from Language/30 will make your visit easier, more pleasant, and more enriching. Instead of being a "stranger in a strange land," you'll be able to converse freely with the natives in their own language.

Which of these 31 languages would you like to speak?

1232628. Arabic	1429232. Irish	1232800. Spanish
1232636. Chinese	1232727. Italian	1232818. Swahili
1232644. Danish	1232735. Japanese	1232826. Swedish
1232651. Dutch	1232743. Korean	1232834. Tagalog (Filipino)
1366665. Finnish	1429224. Latin	
1232669. French	1232750. Norwegian	1363316. Thai
1232677. German	1232768. Persian	1232842. Turkish
1232685. Greek	1300375. Polish	1232859. Vietnamese
1232693. Hebrew	1232776. Portuguese	1516541. Yiddish
1232701. Hindi	1232784. Russian	1232867. English for Spanish Speakers
1232719. Indonesian	1232792. Serbo-Croatian	

Barnes & Noble Unconditional Guarantee

You must be completely satisfied with every item you order from Barnes & Noble by mail, or you may return it to us, for a full refund.

CREDIT CARD CUSTOMERS CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-228-3535 24 HOURS 7 DAYS A WEEK
IN NEBRASKA 1-800-642-9606

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873

DEPT. T587
126 FIFTH AVE.
NY, NY 10011

Name _____

Address _____ Apt.# _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check

☐ VISA

☐ MasterCard

☐ American Express Card

ITEM #	QTY.	TOTAL
Merchandise Total		
For deliveries to MA, PA, NY, NJ, MN & CT: please add applicable sales tax.		
Add $1.75 per tape ordered for Shipping & Insurance		
ORDER TOTAL		

Expiration Date Month/Year ____

Credit Card Number ____

Signature _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

predecessor. Gorbachev's concomitant appointment of Valentin Falin—Soviet ambassador to Bonn from 1970 to 1978—as chief of the International Department of the Central Committee underscores the priority of *Westpolitik* in Soviet foreign policy.

For "Genscherism"—an expression the foreign minister views with favor—has matured into full bloom with the rise of Gorbachev. It connotes uncritical enthusiasm for the Soviet leader and unbridled readiness to help him. Genscher calls for "modernization of thinking" in response to

Postscript to Munich

Lord Home, British prime minister in 1963-64, accompanied Neville Chamberlain to the Munich conference in 1938. He is here interviewed by historian John Ranelagh.

How did you come to be at Munich?

I was Chamberlain's parliamentary private secretary—that is the sort of lowest form of political life. My use when we got back was to give an account to back-benchers of what had happened.

How did you get to Munich?

We flew. Nobody would think that very odd nowadays, would they? But in those days it was a very dramatic affair for a prime minister to step into an aeroplane and fly off somewhere.

What was Neville Chamberlain's view of Hitler?

Hitler, Chamberlain thought, was about the nastiest character he'd ever met. But if there was to be a negotiation, of any kind, at that time, it had to be with Hitler.

Why did Chamberlain think Hitler was so bad?

Well, he'd had two experiences with him just previously, in which Hitler had seemed to go back on his word almost as soon as it had been given. He thought he was a crude, rude character. Nevertheless he thought there might be some reason in the man. He had been used to dealing with reasonable business people in Birmingham and in politics. So he negotiated. The negotiation was successful at that moment—at a price—but in the long run failed.

Did you meet Hitler?

I met him with Chamberlain and a few others for about forty minutes. Chamberlain that morning had drafted a little bit of paper which said that Germany and Britain would settle all our differences in the future not by war but by peaceful means and negotiation. He thought that if he waved it about when he got back home, it would have an effect. Particularly if Hitler broke his word, it would have an effect with the Americans—and therefore this would be one more nail in Hitler's coffin as a public character.

Did you have any immediate impression of Hitler?

I did shake hands with him, but I thought he was an essentially unattractive character. But one's got to remember against that he hypnotized the German people, and particularly the German young. There must have been something attractive about him.

What was your sense of Mussolini?

Mussolini was, I thought, much more of a politician. But I'm bound to say that the Germans in Munich treated the Italians like dirt, they really did. They were rude and they were offhand. Hitler, of course, was very annoyed with Mussolini for intervening, as he did, on the side of a peaceful settlement.

What was the reception like back in Britain?

The whole route to London and all the streets in Whitehall and all the approaches to Downing Street had massed crowds, all cheering. That was the mood of the country at the time. It was a heady moment when Chamberlain went to the window in Downing Street and said, "Peace in our Time." This has never been really understood. As we went up the stairs at 10 Downing Street, I was behind Chamberlain and I heard somebody say to him: "Neville, go up to the historic window and repeat the famous words 'Peace in our Time.' " He turned very impatiently on whoever it was and said, "No, I don't do that kind of thing." That was the authentic Chamberlain, the least bombastic of men. Somewhere between then and in the next five yards somebody must have said to him, "Oh Neville, go to the window, look at the crowds, say 'Peace in our Time,' " and he did. He knew it was an unjustifiable thing to say because it was quite possible that Hitler would break his word; Chamberlain knew that was possible, and so he knew it was a fatal political mistake to make.

Was it right at the time to agree to the Munich settlement?

I think it was. The justification I always give for it is that it did save us a year, which probably did make the difference between defeat and victory. The Hurricane and the Spitfire—which saved us in the Battle of Britain—were put on the drawing board by Neville Chamberlain and Lord Chiltern, who was air minister, in 1935. They arrived on the airfields for the Battle of Britain with ten days to spare, that was all.

Was Chamberlain playing for time?

Chamberlain was playing for time because he was very conscious of our weakness. But it would be wrong to suggest that this was his main motive. His main motive was to compel Hitler, if he possibly could, to join the process of organizing the peace of Europe.

Must we always accept the will of the people?

Well, you must not abdicate leadership. I think that Chamberlain was very conscious that if you are going to lead a country into war—lead it into war *united*, which is absolutely essential—then you must take peace to the limit. But at a point a leader must say: "This has gone far enough, I'm going to stop it and reverse the policy." I think in recent years, the reason why the Russians negotiated was that we actually put weapons in Europe. That brought the Russians to the negotiating table. There is a limit beyond which it doesn't pay to try and appease. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gorbachev's "new thinking" and he repeatedly asks the West to "take Gorbachev at his word," citing the INF agreement and the withdrawal from Afghanistan as proof of Gorbachev's credibility.

Others have adopted this approach in response to the arrival of Gorbachev. Not so Genscher. He has been receptive to Soviet peace overtures for more than twenty years. He promoted a "European peace order" in the early Sixties, and he adopted Andropov's phrase "there is no alternative to détente" in the early Eighties. What is new and striking is that Genscher no longer regards the Soviet Union as any kind of adversary. He enthusiastically endorses Gorbachev's concept of a "common European home." Affirming that Gorbachev is "the best hope yet" for a reunited Europe, he tells the 12 members of the European Community that they are only *part* of a Europe which reaches from the Atlantic to the Urals and that no country should be excluded from this future "Pan-Europe." What other leading German politician would have praised Gorbachev as a "partner" and compared German-Soviet relations to those between Germany and France?

In this climate of Genscherism, German-Soviet joint ventures have multiplied (over half of the Soviet joint ventures in 1988 were with German firms), and German banks compete to swell the capital flow to Moscow. Genscherism is less compatible with Cocom's restrictions on West-East technology transfer. In January 1988, Genscher challenged the European Parliament in Strasbourg to transcend the economic and technological division of Europe based on "past thinking." It was in the Western interest to remove such confining obstacles. By a nice coincidence, the Soviet foreign minister had referred to "that damned Cocom list" in Bonn only four days earlier.

But Genscher is curiously selective in upholding the common ideals of this European civilization. He endorses Helsinki's basket three on human rights, but opposes any linkage that would penalize the USSR economically for violating these human rights. For years, he has blocked a CDU/CSU proposal to issue a white paper on human rights in the Warsaw Pact states, while annually exhorting the UN to strengthen human rights in South Africa.

Under his influence, Bonn has been slipping into an attitude of "moral equivalence" between Moscow and Washington. Genscher opposed sending West German minesweepers to the Persian Gulf alongside U.S., British, and French naval forces. He was critical of both the U.S. intervention in Grenada in 1983 and the U.S. bombing of Tripoli three years later. And at the Vienna negotiations on Security and Cooperation in Europe, Genscher in March endorsed the Soviet notion that talks should aim at healing the division of Europe as well as reducing arms.

Genscher's view is that, given the "de-ideologizing of Soviet foreign policy," disarmament means more security, not less. Predictably, he considers the ABM Treaty one of the most significant accords ever signed, and advocates abiding by the strict interpretation of it. It follows, of course, that he sharply rejects the Strategic Defense Initiative. When asked in an interview if Germany had been pushed into a corner by a United States demand for clear political support of SDI, Genscher answered: "Absolutely not! There is not even a question about our participation in the American program."

It is hard to find a Soviet arms proposal Genscher does not like, or a NATO weapon he would not forgo. The apparent exceptions are instructive. His initial support of NATO's "double-track" decision was apparently based on the assumption that the Geneva talks would nullify deployment of cruise and Pershing 2 missiles before they were even in place. He strongly pushed for more American concessions during the INF negotiations and, after the treaty was signed, conducted a tireless campaign for quick ratification. Once it had been ratified he championed its extension to include dismantling the 72 Pershing 1As in West Germany. Today he is at the center of the dispute within NATO over modernizing the Lance missile.

INDEED, THE PRESENT DISPUTE is the logical consequence of the policies of which Genscher has been such a passionate advocate. The INF agreement, by irretrievably removing the U.S. Pershing and cruise missiles from Europe, meant that the overwhelming Soviet conventional dominance could only be offset by short-range nuclear missiles stationed in Germany. This created a deep division within NATO. To the Germans, short-range nuclear missiles threaten the destruction of the two German states in any conflict, since "the shorter the range, the deader the Germans." To the Americans—and to a lesser extent the British—maintaining and modernizing short-range missiles is essential to defend their own troops stationed in Germany against Soviet attack. Genscher's policies had created a situation in which West German public opinion was bound to be hostile to NATO and sympathetic to negotiations for further nuclear disarmament that would strengthen the Soviet military advantage. When Kohl announced that West Germany would seek such negotiations and meanwhile refuse to modernize Lance missiles, it was Genscher who rightly enjoyed the Bundestag's praise as the architect of this new anti-defense consensus.

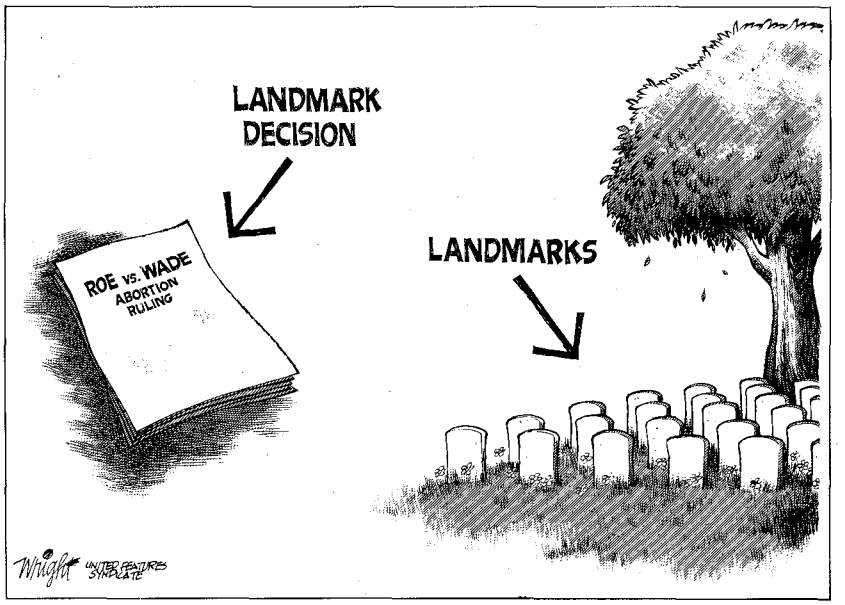
Yet the firestorm of criticism and controversy from Washington and London is directed almost solely against Chancellor Kohl. We must not forget that he has been a strong, resolute, and reliable supporter of Germany's role in NATO. He maintains Adenauer's legacy—that Germany is and must remain firmly wedded to the West. Nor should the extraordinary contribution of West Germany to the military arm of NATO be ignored. The German public tolerates and endures thousands of military maneuvers and war games every year, and about 80 per cent of the population upholds Germany's membership in NATO.

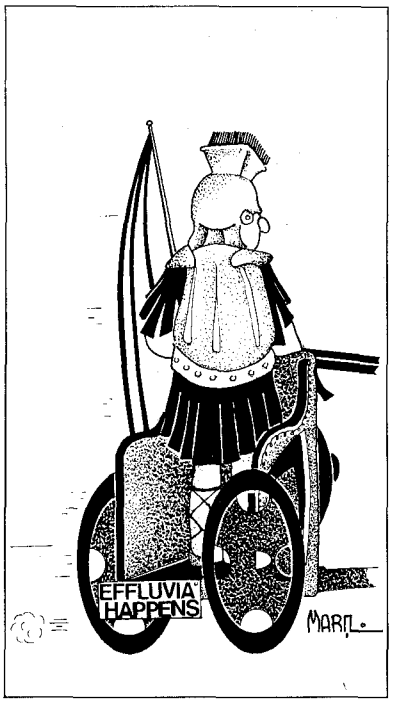
Yet in his triumph before the Bundestag Genscher claimed to be the voice of all Germany, East and West. And returning from his abortive visit to Washington he began using the significant phrase "continental Europe." If taken seriously, this phrase implies a new division of Europe along the English Channel, with Britain segregated in the camp of the "Anglo-Saxons," the remainder of Western Europe rooming in Gorbachev's Common European House, and Germany reunited.

If this is Genscher's ultimate vision, it is similar to Chamberlain's earlier view that he could construct a common Europe with a hostile great power. Of Chamberlain it was once said that he looked at world affairs through the wrong end of a municipal drain pipe. One almost suspects that Genscher would sever ties to Britain and the United States in order to become mayor of Halle. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

helo !!!!

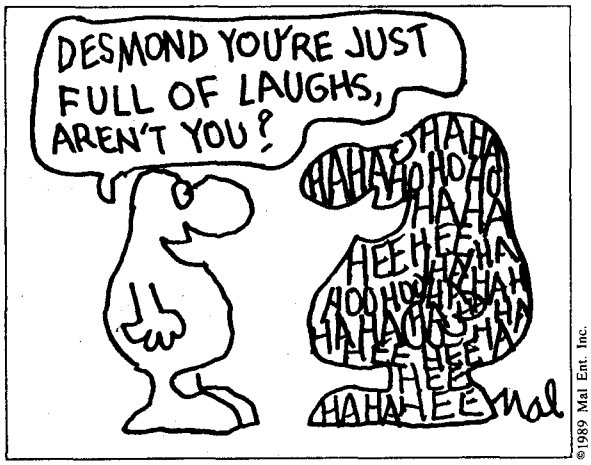


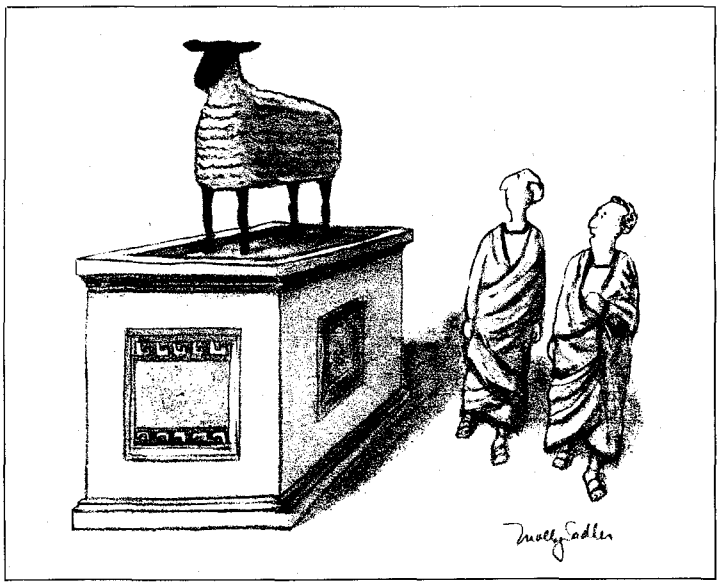


Lord Jim

Time was the House was like a home,
Where all roads led—but not to Rome.
A touch of scam, a bit of graft—
The world just turned away and laughed.
But ethics now is all the rage
(Keep your hands off that young page!).
Things are now so damned uptight
Two wrongs might unmake a Wright.

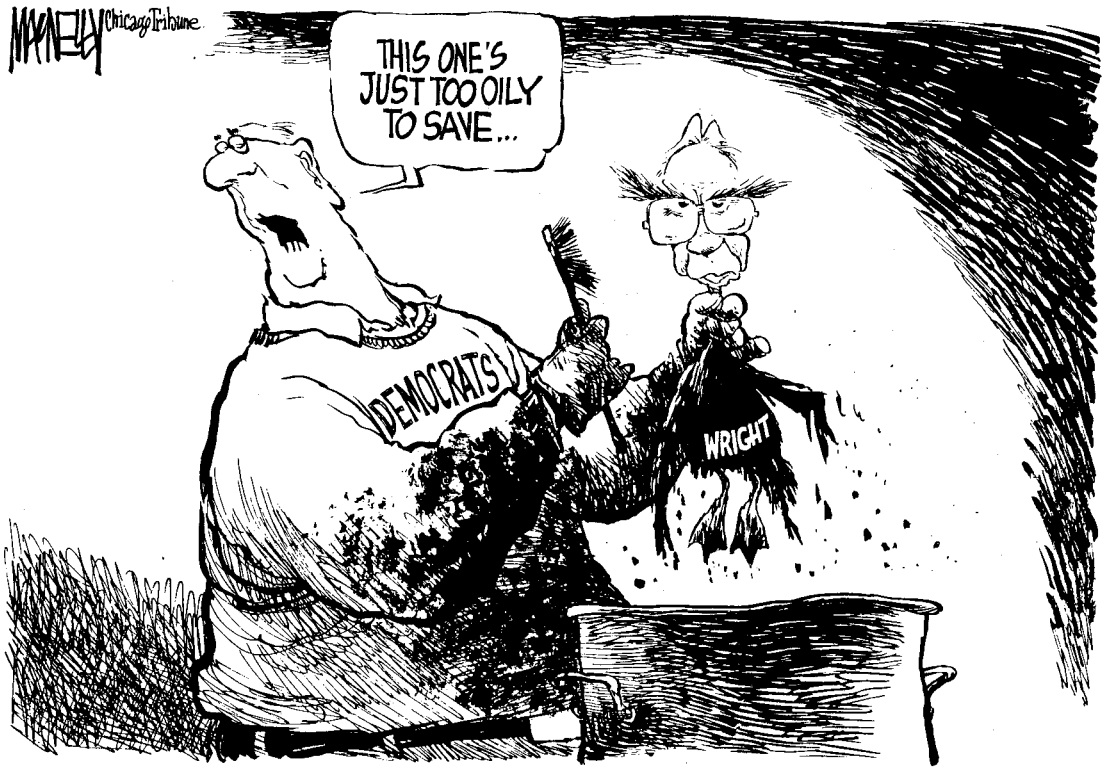
JACK D. KIRWAN


DESMOND YOU'RE JUST FULL OF LAUGHS, AREN'T YOU?
HAHA HO HO HA HA HEE HEE HA HOO HOO HAHA HAHA HEE HEE HA HEE HAHA HEE
©1989 Mal Ent. Inc.



"It's part of Caesar's plan for a kinder and gentler empire."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW IDEAS, ANYONE?

Given birth by McGovern's ignominious defeat in 1972, gaining strength from Mondale's ignominious defeat in 1984, the 'new ideas' movement in the Democratic Party had its moment in the sun in 1988. After the Dukakis eclipse, they are asking,

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO NEOLIBERALISM?

DINESH D'SOUZA

GEORGE BUSH's decisive trouncing of Michael Dukakis meant more than the defeat of a mousy, arrogant technocrat from Massachusetts. It signaled the collapse of the philosophy that Dukakis represented, the so-called neoliberal approach, which only a few years earlier had been heralded as "the most exciting intellectual movement in America," as *Newsweek* put it. Randall Rothenberg, in his book *The Neoliberals*, confidently predicted that "The future belongs to the neoliberals."

Not so long ago, these appraisals seemed plausible. After four years of tussling within the Democratic Party, the neoliberal wing won out over the radical and establishment wings when the Democrats handed Dukakis their 1988 presidential nomination. Dukakis was part of the "Class of '74," the new-age Democrats who ascended to power in the aftermath of Watergate: Gary Hart, Richard Lamm, Stephen Solarz, Tom Downey, Paul Tsongas, Tim Wirth, and Christopher Dodd, to name a few.

"We were the 1960s generation that didn't drop out," former Congressman Bob Edgar told William Schneider of *The Atlantic*. The neoliberals championed what Gary Hart called "new ideas," a challenge to the conventional New Deal/Great Society politics. Dukakis echoed the same sentiment when he said last year, "This election is about competence, not ideology." The neoliberals were fiercely left-wing on a whole range of issues, but they stressed political effectiveness, what Dukakis termed "the pragmatic approach."

Sure, some would find it technocratic, even boring, but this was its ingenuity. Through statistics, numbers, and charts, the neoliberals would prosecute the liberal agenda far more efficaciously than either the sloganeering marchers of the Sixties or the old-line Democrats of the Hubert Humphrey stripe. Dukakis, for instance, established a political stranglehold on the state of Massachusetts, virtually wiping out what little was still left of a hapless Republican opposition.

In Congress, meanwhile, the neoliberals helped change committee rules and assignments, wresting control from the older generation. Their candidate, Gary Hart, almost seized the 1984 Democratic nomination, but Mondale was able to knit together a coalition just large enough to survive. After the debacle of 1984, deep fissures opened up, both generational and ideological. There was, of course, the divide between the old-style coalitionists and the new progressives. But there was also a separation between moderate Southerners, led by Senator Sam Nunn, and urban radicals, led by Jesse Jackson.

The neoliberals exploited these divisions. They convinced the radicals that they were sufficiently alienated by the old Democratic politics that they would work to deliver reforms previously considered impossible; and they assuaged the moderates by emphasizing that they were pragmatists, not ideologues. Although there were other candidates in the race, the plausible Democratic nominees for 1988 were all neoliberal: Gephardt, Dukakis, Biden, Gore, and Hart. Simon was, from the beginning, a polite joke, and Jackson's candidacy was little more than ethnic exhibitionism.

As Dukakis took center stage, the neoliberal pundits and commentators went to work. The neoliberals are great predictors: America is in decline, we are running out of gas, our economic infrastructure will topple, our military won't

April 1984

Mr. D'Souza is a research fellow at the American Enterprise Institute and editor of Crisis, *a lay Catholic monthly of news and opinion.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be able to perform, and so on. From these future scenarios neoliberals derive current policies, usually aimed at stopping those predictions from coming true. It's a weird but effective polemic, and its practitioners rallied to the cause of Dukakis and the Democrats in 1988.

Hendrik Hertzberg in *The New Republic* offered his careful analysis of both parties' candidates, leading to the prediction that Dukakis would almost certainly win the election. "Pity George Bush," the article began. "Dukakis will be a much more formidable opponent than the Bush people could have imagined. . . . It will not be easy, for example, to depict Dukakis as a tax-raising liberal who thinks the answer to every problem is a government spending program. It will not be easy to depict him as a cultural radical."

Pity Rick Hertzberg, whose lucidity is nearly matched by his unreliability. Anyway, Dukakis frustrated the hopes of exuberant Democrats who said at their convention, "This time we're going to win." He let down his colleagues from the Class of '74, who felt sure that the future of the Democratic Party, and indeed of American politics, was theirs to command. As Dukakis went down, he took with him the confidence of neoliberalism itself, which has now settled into another of its wan periods of reappraisal. Perhaps it will be resurrected again soon as neo-neoliberalism.

WHAT HAPPENED? Who are these guys and what did they do wrong? To understand neoliberalism it seems appropriate to begin with "the godfather of neoliberalism," Charles Peters, editor of *The Washington Monthly* and author of "A Neoliberal's Manifesto." Peters is an avuncular, likable, inspirational figure. His little magazine has cultivated many talented young journalists for export—Michael Kinsley, now editor of *The New Republic*; Susannah Lessard, a writer for *The New Yorker*; James Fallows and Nick Lemann of *The Atlantic*; David Ignatius, editor of the Outlook section of the *Washington Post*; and Jonathan Alter, Mickey Kaus, Steven Waldman, Gregg Easterbrook, and Timothy Noah of *Newsweek*. (Peters is pals with Katharine Graham, owner of the *Washington Post*, which owns *Newsweek*.)

At first glance, Peters gives the impression that neoliberalism is not an ideology, not even a set of principles; rather, it is a tiresome collection of clichés. In his "Manifesto" Peters writes, "In our search for solutions that work, we have come to distrust all responses, liberal or conservative." Neoliberals place "emphasis on the pursuit of facts and analysis that break free of ideological blinders." An important "tenet of faith is challenging widely held assumptions." Neoliberals "reject labels."

Peters will admit that there is one principle that all neoliberals favor: reality. *The Washington Monthly*, he says, is devoted to "reality journalism." Paul Tsongas, in his book *The Road from Here*, labels his chapters, "Reality Number One," "Reality Number Two," and so on. Governor Richard Lamm says it is time for old people to "face reality." Reality is often contrasted with "ideology," both liberal and conservative. Neoliberals imply that they occupy a position equidistant from both; in fact, that they transcend ideology. Since ideology is simply a term for making beliefs coherent, neoliberals feel free to espouse inconsistent positions.

It is no use accusing neoliberals of schizophrenia—they take it as a compliment. "Some people say we are schizophrenic," remarked Martin Peretz, owner of *The New Republic*. "Yet these are times when even the most thoughtful people are ambivalent." The implication is that thoughtful people are usually not ambivalent, but in these, the gravest of times, even great minds (Peretz & Co.) can't make up theirs. The purpose of all this is to attach an aroma of profundity to what neoliberals say.

Neoliberals like Peters and Peretz also exploit the attention characteristically bestowed upon the waffler who is in the process of making up his mind. Apparent converts to any cause always receive the most solicitude and applause. For instance, *The New Republic* is extravagantly praised and courted by conservatives. "Indispensable," says Norman Podhoretz. "Currently the nation's most interesting and important journal," opines George Will.

Epithets such as "indispensable," "interesting," and "unpredictable" are usually applied after conservatives read articles with which they agree. (Liberal articles are viewed as regrettable lapses, akin to those of the reforming drunk who falls back on the bottle every once in a while.) Articles in *The New Republic* or *The Washington Monthly* criticizing the Sandinistas or praising military service would be ho-hum, of course, if they appeared in *Human Events* or *The American Spectator*. But in the neoliberal press they create great excitement.

It is paradoxical, of course, that the neoliberals' main credential is previous error. These were the champions of the counterculture, and of a whole host of now-discredited liberal crusades. They were wrong before; why should we believe them now? In fact the neoliberals' presumption is that *because* of their checkered past, they deserve special attention in the present. Accuse an editor of *The New Republic* of being an erstwhile Stalinist, and he will smile with modest appreciation. But perhaps it is not a new list of prognostications and recommendations that society should seek from the neoliberals. Perhaps it is an apology.

THIS IS ALL VERY WELL, the reader may be saying to himself, but what about the neoliberals' ideas? Oh yes, we're getting to those. Neoliberals *like* lengthy prefaces about their motives, their presuppositions, their quest for virtue. The actual ideas and proposals always have the air of afterthought. For instance, discussing crime, Charles Peters remarks, "As a beginning lawyer in the late 1950s, I was assigned to represent a good many defendants in criminal cases—perhaps twenty in all. I came to the experience with the image of the Wrong Man in my mind. Remember the Hitchcock film? Well, I never had an innocent man. They were all guilty." *So what?* one is tempted to shout. But a neoliberal cannot be interrupted on the Road to Damascus.

Neoliberals, as I have mentioned, are not very good at prediction. "There are four reasons why I strongly suspect that Reagan will not recover from Irangate," Peters writes. "One of the great realities of the 1980s," remarked Governor Lamm in 1982, "is that the economic pie is not growing." Neoliberals are, however, good at staged iconoclasm. *The Washington Monthly* regularly features articles such as "Is Margaret Thatcher a Woman?" "I Was a New York Snob," and "The Case against Kids." Kinsley has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appropriated this technique for *The New Republic*, which skewers political pieties with all the undergraduate glee of a *Dartmouth Review* taking on the campus administration.

All this makes for very lively reading, but little in the way of a workable, let alone marketable, political program. In fact, the delicious iconoclasm of neoliberal journalism stands in stark contrast to the almost contrived professionalism of neoliberal politicians. Michael Dukakis was "Zorba the clerk." Al Gore made the revealing statement, "Competence is charisma." Gary Hart will be remembered not for his "new ideas" platform but for Donna Rice; no doubt the neoliberal epitaph for that affair will be a conference on "Ethics and Commitment: The Hard Realities of Political Life," sponsored by *The Washington Monthly* at the Capitol Hilton, featuring a paper by Robert Reich on "How Government Can Address the Needs of the Unsexed."

GETTING BACK to issues, in the offhand manner that is characteristic of neoliberals, the pundits and politicians of the movement are now in a bit of a quandary. They championed military reform—primarily a "small is beautiful" approach to armaments. No doubt neoliberals offered some useful critiques of Pentagon policy; James Fallows's work, for instance, was animated by a close working knowledge of how the Defense Department operates, as opposed to lofty proclamations calling for more or fewer missiles. Nevertheless, neoliberals have never figured out how to translate their reformist impulses into a platform. The "reality," they know, is that a transfer from heavy missiles to light missiles, from the ten-warhead MX missile to the one-warhead Midgetman, or from nuclear to conventional weapons, all involve more military spending. It's cheaper to put ten warheads on a single missile than to build ten missiles. Nuclear weapons offer a very good bang for the buck; it costs a lot more to purchase the same deterrence with conventional forces.

Confronted with this dilemma, Michael Dukakis did something neoliberals hate: he wimped out. He not only refused to come out for higher military spending; he denied the trade-off. He wouldn't face "reality." The reason was his reading of *political* reality. In an age of deficits, how to advocate both higher domestic and military spending and promise, at the same time, to reduce the government debt?

In domestic policy, neoliberals tend to be for both the free market and government programs. They are willing to concede that particular programs don't work. If you went down a list of all government programs, ten years later you might get them to agree that each one has been a failure. You will never get a neoliberal, however, to admit *in principle* that government programs don't work. Here is a case where empirical data fail to penetrate to the neoliberal mind. What happened to "facing the facts"?

Neoliberal politicians who have "faced facts" have usually ended up looking like fools. Richard Lamm, for instance, has been featured in cartoons for his stern proposal that old people have a duty to die. In one of them, a little old lady pleads with Lamm, asking him to spare her life. The cartoon frames end with Lamm's response: "Come on, Mom!" Similarly, neoliberal Bruce Babbitt offered the electorate his dose of "reality" in the form of higher taxes. "There simply is no alternative," Babbitt insisted, frowning and looking terribly serious. The American people thought of one: they booted Babbitt right out of the race.

For the neoliberals, social issues are Incredibly Complex. Here the neoliberals have clearly lost the moral momentum to the Right—not just the respectable Right, but those awful characters like Phyllis Schlafly and Jerry Falwell. They hate to admit this, so they emit a squid-like cloud of rhetorical ink to blur the issues. A sampling of *The New Republic*'s coverage of various moral issues illustrates the neoliberal conviction that there are no easy answers, the world is not black and white, we must eschew simplistic solutions, etc.

Jean Bethke Elshtain's essay "The New Porn Wars," for example, cited "the ambiguities of our most fundamental principles," noted that porn raises "deeper dilemmas" than most of us dare face, and concluded resoundingly, "We must break free from the extremists on both sides." A book review by Peter Berger offered this insight: "Thoughtful observers of the current abortion controversy will have to agree that the issue is indeed heavy with moral significance." The magazine editorialized on abortion in 1983, identifying the "vexing jurisprudential question" on a "difficult" and "morally complex issue." It noted "a desire for obfuscating simplification" in both pro-life and pro-choice camps. (Presumably, to identify the fetus as an infant is to muddy the intellectual waters.) It noted that "we have misgivings about the morality of abortion, but we do not want to see them written into law," establishing bad precedent for those of us who have misgivings about racism or sexism. One day, perhaps, neoliberals will supply a list of issues which are *not* complex and difficult, not susceptible to simplistic answers from the Left and the Right. After feigned hand-wringing, however, neoliberals usually endorse the liberal position. Their public perspiration is intended to give their views more moral seriousness than they actually possess.

To Charles Peters's credit, he is deeply sincere about his campaign to promote civic virtue among Americans, and frequently runs calls for volunteer national service in *The Washington Monthly*. The problem is that Peters is an evangelist for secular values that he assumes stir the hearts of Americans. He wants us to register, to sign up, to leave home, but for what? He offers no promise of an afterlife. He doesn't even appeal to traditional patriotism: make sacrifices to protect your cherished way of life. Rather, he invokes roads that need cleaning, cattle that need tending, the restless delinquents in the ghetto, the decaying infrastructure. Really makes you want to get into uniform.

It is no criticism of neoliberalism to say that it has an uncertain future. So does conservatism. The world is changing, and there is bound to be some ideological reshuffling to meet the new circumstances. If the neoliberals drop some of their pretensions, they are certainly intelligent and serious enough to make a contribution to the way we address future challenges.

Political analyst Norman Ornstein maintains that, in many respects, President Bush echoes neoliberal sentiments —for example, in calling for measured defense spending, a "kinder, gentler" domestic policy, and environmental and educational initiatives congruent with the neoliberal agenda. Neoliberals as well as neoconservatives will, for the next four years, compete for a chance to define what Bush himself might call "the reality thing." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Her new tail in place, the Concorde takes off again,
whisking her 98 passengers onward, five continents in eight days.
From the steamy shores of Sri Lanka to the buffalo-patrolled heights of Kenya
to the political tangle of South Africa and then home, the intrepid Concorders come

FULL CIRCLE

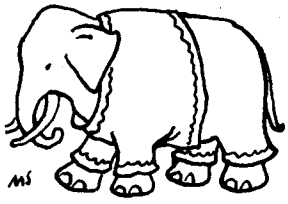
WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

COLOMBO, SRI LANKA, APRIL 17—There is that little Marquis de Sade in each one of us that shows its prurient head on occasions, as when our Concorde got ready to lift off from Sydney after its humiliating loss of one-third of its tail, now remedied at the cost of a 24-hour delay in our round-the-world schedule. Just as we pray that the matador will survive the bull, and the *Challenger* the launch, there is even so the trace of sadism that accelerates the heartbeat when the man traversing Niagara Falls on a bicycle suddenly begins to tilt over . . . and . . . But then everybody knows that the crowds that used to go out to see Evel Knievel bound across the Grand Canyon were there in part because he might just . . . not make it. The photographers and the television crews were out in force, but our Concorde lifted resolutely into the Tasmanian sky with that saucy tilt to its delicate mandibular nose —and the next thing we knew we were in Perth.

But only to refuel. The carefully scheduled 24 hours during which we were to hear and view exciting things involving the America's Cup were forfeit to the wasted rudder. One-half of the passengers, whose principal spokesperson was my wife, wondered indignantly why the Concorde hadn't gone up for a test run before presuming to lift up all 98 of us. I tried to explain that you don't need to test a new parachute, but this explanation provoked only a farrago of contempt for my diminished powers of reason; but then the other one-half felt that there were no grounds for supposing that the new tail, installed the night before by British Airways engineers, was born defective. Do you worry about a new screwdriver?

From Perth we traveled on to Sri Lanka, just barely recrossing the equator, back into the Northern Hemisphere. We arrived there after ten hours of travel, if you count from the moment the alarm clock rang. Only six and one-half of these were spent in the air. But it astonished those of us who have traveled non-stop New York–Tokyo to be informed that we had traveled an equivalent distance.

Sri Lanka is not an ideal place to land after traveling 6,500 miles in one day. Although our Constant Provider, Donald Pevsner, had equipped us with, no less, the reconditioned private railroad car of the sometime Imperial Viceroy, at one point Lord Mountbatten, to conduct us the ninety minutes from the airport to the Mount Lavinia Hotel, the heat overwhelmed the Viceroy's air conditioning as conclusively as Ceylonese nationalism had overwhelmed the Crown. To travel the final hundred yards from the station depot to the hotel by bus would have been easy enough except that a huge elephant, dressed in pajamas of some sort, which had been a part of the welcoming committee as we got off the Viceroy's train, waddled before us on the narrow little road at about three miles per hour, resulting in an extra 15 minutes before we reached the hotel, never mind that we could see the oasis over the elephant's rump: we were too hot and demoralized to get out and walk to it, circumventing the elephant, with our hand-luggage. It did not help that our rooms were less than cool by U.S. air-conditioning standards, so that, at the inevitable beach luau, even with the redeeming breeze coming in from the great, surf-breaking sand arc, sweetly lit in yellow light around the remote boundary of the hundred-year-old colonial hotel, when science-fiction laureate Arthur C. Clarke told us that he had lived here for 35 years because he was convinced it is the "most beautiful place on earth," the Concorders murmured our acquiescence in tones that would not have passed a lie-detector test. What we wanted at that point was . . . sleep; before the 12-hour excursion plotted for the next day.



Now, the beginning difficulty of the newcomer engaging Sri Lanka is the question whether the first word has one or two syllables. There is an unalterable division on the subject, but I shall die pronouncing it "Si-ri" Lanka rather than attempt "Sri." To do so puts me in mind of Sacheverell Sitwell's admonition that in order to learn to pronounce Portuguese idiomatically you will need to learn to pronounce "Tottenham Court Road" as a single syllable.

What used to be Ceylon is something of a historical hybrid, in which the French, the Dutch, the Portuguese, the English, and the Indians have had a hand. A year ago, anticipating the elections just past, *The Economist* suggested thinking of Sri Lanka "as a witches' cauldron. Blood and venom are added daily. Stir these vigorously into the original poison of religious/racial loathing, emanating from both the minority Tamils and the majority Sinhalese. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

consequence during the past month [March 1988] has been at least a hundred more deaths, mostly of innocent bystanders; that is, people who got killed just because they were Sinhalese or, in smaller numbers, Tamils."

The struggle can be compared to that of the Catalans in Spain, whose protracted episodic terrorism, like that of the Tamils, is motivated by separatist obsession—in both instances, in the northeast of the nations that consider them integral. Sri Lanka, about the size of West Virginia, is a country of 16 million people, with a per-capita income of $340, a GNP of $5.3 billion, more than 6 per cent of which is spent on "defense." Their deficit is, from a U.S. perspective, a gratifying 12 per cent of their GNP, or about four times as high as our own.

I remember (I had truly forgotten it) the first day I met Whittaker Chambers, at his farm in Maryland in 1954. Our conversation roamed over the profile of that day's news, which included an account of the ordeal of the gentleman designated by President Eisenhower as ambassador to Ceylon. He had been asked the day before by the head of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, "What is the name of the capital of Ceylon?" "Well, senator, to tell you the truth, I can't quite remember." "Well, what is the name of the prime minister?" "Well, senator, to tell you the truth, I can't quite remember."

Chambers laughed heartily. "How," he asked me, "can anyone forget the name of Solomon West Ridgway Bandaranaike?" □

KEEKOROK LODGE, KENYA, APRIL 20—Getting here took almost two hours more than planned, because as our Concorde was about to rev up for takeoff a functionary tallied his roster of bags aboard against the official roster and found an incredible discrepancy of eight pieces. Since that discrepancy was a matter hypothetically involving security, the quick worst-case assumption was that eight distinct attempts were being made to explode our Concorde. We were asked if any of us had checked baggage previously consigned to overhead compartments, but that accounted for only two pieces, with a residual discrepancy of six. And that meant: emptying the entire hold, each passenger to identify his own bags. All of them were accounted for, which meant that six pieces had been furtively checked but not acknowledged at recount time. Whose they were, we never knew; and, being a genial lot, there has been no public speculation over the question.

In two and one-half hours we flew over the Indian Ocean, passing over the Maldive Islands and landing at Mombasa, where eight disparate aircraft met us to fly us the two hours to the Keekorok Lodge, a guest enclave within a seven-hundred-square-mile national park. It is 5,200 feet above sea level and can therefore laugh at its equatorial fix. The temperature rises to a balmy warm at midday, and creeps slowly down to a balmy cool at sunset.

Talk of creeping, a most fearful number of animals do just that all about us, and that, of course, is the reason for coming to this paradise for nature and animal lovers, where the great boundless pastures of grass and bushery surround us and the acacia trees dot the profiles of the ambient hills—one would think it a part of central-north Spain in October. The schedule permitted you to survey the animals at 5:45 A.M. aboard a balloon that floats you at a comfortable distance above the lions, anywhere from 15 to one thousand feet. Or you can tour, in the morning or late afternoon, in a kind of jeep-mobile. Yesterday in three hours we ran into, or rather not quite into, a half-dozen elephants, four jackals, six hyenas, 11 zebras, four giraffes, a hundred gazelles and as many elands, four horrible warthogs, six vultures, one Cape buffalo, and two baboons, the latter frolicking in the quadrangle of our little lodge—from which one is warned strictly not to wander after sunset, no, not even by fifty yards, for fear of the one truly aggressive creature out there, the Cape buffalo.

For that reason we felt less than empathy with the carcass of the Cape buffalo we saw at close quarters being devoured by three lions: they eat, each lion, 75 pounds of buffalo—after which? The jackals come in to nibble at what is left. They are sitting there, two of them, only twenty yards from the lions, waiting their turn. And twenty yards behind them are two vultures; they will pick at the remaining remains. One stares at them all, and at the lovely gazelles, the graceful giraffes, the nimble and sprightly impala. But, one or two of us need to ask ourselves, for how long? I mean, the first time I saw her, I sat and stared at the Mona Lisa for only seven or eight minutes, so do I need to devote more than one hour to staring at a giraffe? But then I have to confess personal abnormalities: after four days in the Galapagos Islands I went mad with boredom.

Modern Kenya is, incidentally, the country in the world with the highest population growth (4.1 per cent), which one would never guess from the distance we needed to travel to inspect one Masai village of about a hundred people, living in dung huts and bringing their cattle into their enclosure at night, to protect them against the predators. Kenya is just smaller than Texas, has 21 million people, and is very much dominated by its president, Mr. Daniel arap Moi. Even under the Great Kenyatta, the George Washington of Kenya, Moi was around as vice president. Fifteen years ago, visiting in Kenya, I noted a remark Mr. Moi made in which he announced that foreigners "have nothing to teach Kenyans. In fact, if anything, Kenya can teach them many lessons because contrary to what some people try to make us believe, the African way of civilization is the best. Foreigners," Mr. Moi observed, referring to the brief period during which it was fashionable to disrobe and run through a public square, "go streaking, running naked," he said scornfully in his speech in Parliament, to which one might have responded that the streakers in America were only going about in what many Africans consider their native dress.

Kenya long since jettisoned competing political parties, but last year President Moi abolished even the secret ballot. To vote in Kenya you have to "queue up" in front of a photograph of the candidate you intend to vote for, which device has a way of discouraging aberrant political behavior. In addition to "queueing," as they refer to it here, came an end to any independence in the judiciary: President Moi introduced and got quick approval of a constitutional amendment giving him the right to fire judges at will. Moreover, Mr. Moi is not a Kikuyu—Kikuyus are the dominant trible in Kenya, and anyone would have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guessed, during the reign of Kenyatta, that they would rule the country for generations to come—but Moi proved a super-shrewd manipulator whose specialty was discovering issues Kikuyus would quarrel with each other about, and the result is that there are no longer any issues any Kikuyu can quarrel with President Moi about.

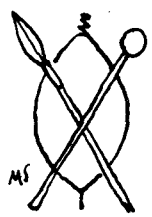
Although Kenya is perhaps the most pampered Third World nation in the world (countries compete to lend it money) its per-capita income is only $322, and unemployment is a sad 30 per cent. Where there is unemployment, you may have noticed, there is also bureaucracy. I was under the vague impression that carbon paper no longer existed—until I tried to change $100 into Kenyan currency. This transaction requires a form completed in triplicate, in which you post your name, the country you live in, the agency that arranged your passage, and your passport number and the place where it was issued. Then comes, and I quote exactly, the heading, "Foreign Currency Amount Encashed or Accepted in Payment." To answer that inquiry requires hard concentration, particularly because the operative word, "encashed," is not common usage. One suspects it does not really matter what one puts down in that column, it mattering only that a finite, or preferably infinite, number of Kenyans devote their time to storing away these slips of paper, giving them something to do.

We will have spent a wonderfully restful two and one-half days here, and we heard yesterday a lecture by one of our fellow Concorders on the delinquency of modern mathematical pedagogy, in which time is wasted and demoralization is invited by attempting to teach elusive concepts, when what comes naturally at that point is drilling in technique. I found myself wondering that night, after my wife and I had carefully bolted the door against any possibility of wandering warthogs or Cape buffalo, how Pythagoras went about not so much demonstrating, as explaining to his students, his theorem about the hypotenuse of a triangle, if indeed he did so, but soon I was asleep, comfortably insulated from all those wild, exotic, romantic beasts, protected from everything except themselves. □

CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA, APRIL 24—The three-thousand-mile flight from Mombasa, past Madagascar, rounding up to the southern tip of Africa at Cape Town, set another speed record, and in anticipation of the Concorde's arrival a considerable crowd had gathered, including one hundred journalists. But the kind of tension that grips this tormented country was prefigured by the cordon that held back the spectators—along with a half-dozen police dogs. Police dogs, to hold back people who want to see a supersonic passenger jet? It was not until the second day that the newspaper reported that the function of the dogs wasn't to bite South Africans, whether white, Indian, Coloured, or black, but to sniff out explosives. After all, we had landed in a country in which a state of emergency had been declared, way back in 1986, after several hundred deaths had resulted from riotous demonstrations fueled by apartheid, or at least ostensibly fueled by apartheid, given that there are lots of riots and violent deaths in parts of sub-Saharan Africa where apartheid doesn't exist.

There was barely time to settle into our hotel on the beach, two or three miles from downtown, before the taping of a one-hour special edition of *Firing Line*, featuring five prominent figures in South African politics. Of the five only one—Mr. Kent Durr, minister of budget and works—was a member of the National Party, which has ruled South Africa for forty years. A second guest was the whip for the Conservative Party, which is the political party that, to the general dismay of everyone except presumably its constituents, emerged in the last election as the second largest party in Parliament—the official Opposition. And that party thinks the dissolution of apartheid is going too damn fast, not too damn slow. Mr. Koos van der Merwe is a large beefy man whose principal message is that the United States should mind its own business, and that to engage in sanctions is to promote violence, wherefore the U.S. is guilty of violence. Mrs. Helen Suzman, who is a mixture of Eleanor Roosevelt and Clare Boothe Luce, was a co-founder of the Progressive Party and began opposing apartheid about the time of the Boer War: no living white South African is more ardently identified than she with opposition to apartheid.

Mr. Oscar Dhlomo, the principal braintruster for Chief Buthelezi, the head of the Zulu tribe, is needless to say an opponent of apartheid: more, he and his boss decline to discuss South African policy with President P. W. Botha until Botha releases Nelson Mandela from jail, where he has been since 1962. And the fifth guest, Mr. James Ngcoya, is a former truck driver who organized a taxi service and a labor union that lobbies for equal rights for black entrepreneurs. The five participants all argued different modalities of the South African question, but every one of them fervently opposed economic sanctions by the United States, the consensus being that black progress within South Africa is something that is happening *pari passu* with economic progress, and that to freeze economic progress is to freeze black prospects for equality.



The hour was supplemented on the following day by three half-hour examinations with different experts, all of them opponents of the government, of the South African problem. What—I asked—about the statement by Nelson Mandela, made in 1962, that "under a Communist Party government, South Africa will become a land of milk and honey"? What about the continuing ties between the African National Congress and the governments of North Korea, the Soviet Union, and Cuba? . . . These are questions of manifest indifference to most black South Africans, who are as unimpressed by the excesses of the ANC and its leaders as Palestinians are by the past, and prospective, excesses of the PLO: the ANC is their movement, and do not try to alter that fundamental reality.

The anti-apartheid spokesmen included a gentle-voiced black intellectual, a benign version of the late James Baldwin. Neville Alexander spent years in prison alongside Nelson Mandela and teaches now at a university, styling himself a Trotskyist, which in my experience is simply a way of saying, "I am to the right of Stalin, and to the left of practically everybody else." Mr. Alexander is a gifted wordman, and what he was saying, ever but ever so delicately, is that black South Africans are morally in a condition of belligerence against the white government, and any violent exchange under the circumstances is properly viewed as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an episode not of anarchy, but of revolution. By Western tradition, the individual who revolts against the state either prevails—as Washington and Robespierre prevailed—or else is imprisoned or executed; and, thereafter, depending on the vectors of history, is honored as a prophet, or dishonored as a distraction in the great dialectic by which progress is peaceably effected. The bloodless revolution of 1688 is to be preferred to the regicidal protests of Oliver Cromwell.

But of course the Concorders were not in South Africa to help to settle political problems. The 98 exuberant travelers, on the last leg before our landing in London, are as ever interested in what goes on in the lands we visit, but we are unrepentantly absorbed in the swinging experience we are having, popping from continent to continent in our privately chartered Concorde, swamping the staff of Guinness's book of records with fresh speed records, and exploring the sights and sounds and tastes of diverse peoples right around the world.

The shoreline along Cape Town is majestic even in the prolonged drizzle that affected everything except our spirits. The wine country in the lush Stellenbosch area is as exquisite as the wine produced. And, of course, as we near the end of the trip we are bound by common experiences and progressive knowledge of one another. Yesterday there was a lecture by a gentleman who in the past twenty years has casually accumulated a collection of Americana second perhaps only to that of the Library of Congress—he can tell you what John Adams's private thoughts were on Lord North. One lady, advanced in years, scratched her memory late one afternoon and played for me two or three sonatas by Scarlatti that she hadn't played in 25 years. Another lady is busy in odd moments preparing the musical schedule of 1990's Newport Music Festival; an elderly lawyer who clerked for Chief Justice William Howard Taft back when Chief Justices had one clerk, not four, is here gently to correct historical or legal solecisms. Two passengers protested against the quarters proffered by our hotel—it isn't easy to get 75 ideal rooms—and, for reasons not readily apparent to their fellow travelers, thought their inconvenience worth the attention of the press: which gave it to them on the front page, otherwise devoted to sex, murder, and mayhem.

Tomorrow we will go a fearfully long distance, 7,200 miles, from 34 degrees south of the equator to 52 degrees north of it, with a refueling stop in Monrovia, Liberia. Where I intend to freeze in my seat finishing Robert Hughes's wonderful book on Australia, resisting any temptation to learn in one hour the inside story of Monrovia, Liberia. We must refuel quickly, because Don Pevsner wants another world record, and this time we are contending against another Concorde, which flew this route in years gone by.

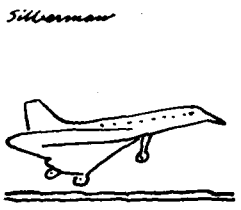
Whether we break the record or don't, we shall arrive in London breathless, after traveling 39,000 miles in 23 days. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

[*The following coda was read by the author to his fellow travelers at the end of his final lecture.*]

I have greatly enjoyed your company and am in awe of your varied experiences and accomplishments. I like to think here and there in the corners of our trip I have contributed, directly or indirectly, to our joint experience. But I had no idea until last night, when Howard Goldman told me, that you were each guaranteed a $5,000 reduction in your fee for this passage in the event of my death or incapacitation.

I have had many experiences with insurance companies and I marvel at their capacity to play the odds. For instance, when in 1972 I visited the South Pole together with my brother, who was at the time the junior senator from New York, my escort, an army colonel, suggested that it might be amusing for me to stand on my head while a photographer took a picture of me, thus enabling me to send out postcards in which I would serve as Atlas holding the weight of the entire globe on my shoulders. I thought this entirely appropriate to my role in American affairs and so, propped up by my colonel, I engaged in the appropriate contortions.



It so happened that simultaneously my brother, escorted by his *colonel, undertook to light a Roman candle designed to shoot up into the air a facsimile of the flag of the State of New York, which would be photographed and sent to his constituents. What then happened, however, was that the flag of the State of New York shot out not into the sky, but directly at my nose. It was an extraordinary experience and I found myself speculating on the question: What odds would Lloyd's of London give against the contingency that standing on my head on the South Pole I would be hit on the nose by a fireball incorporating the flag of the State of New York, fired by my brother? I figured that for one dollar, I might get a billion-dollar policy against that contingency.*

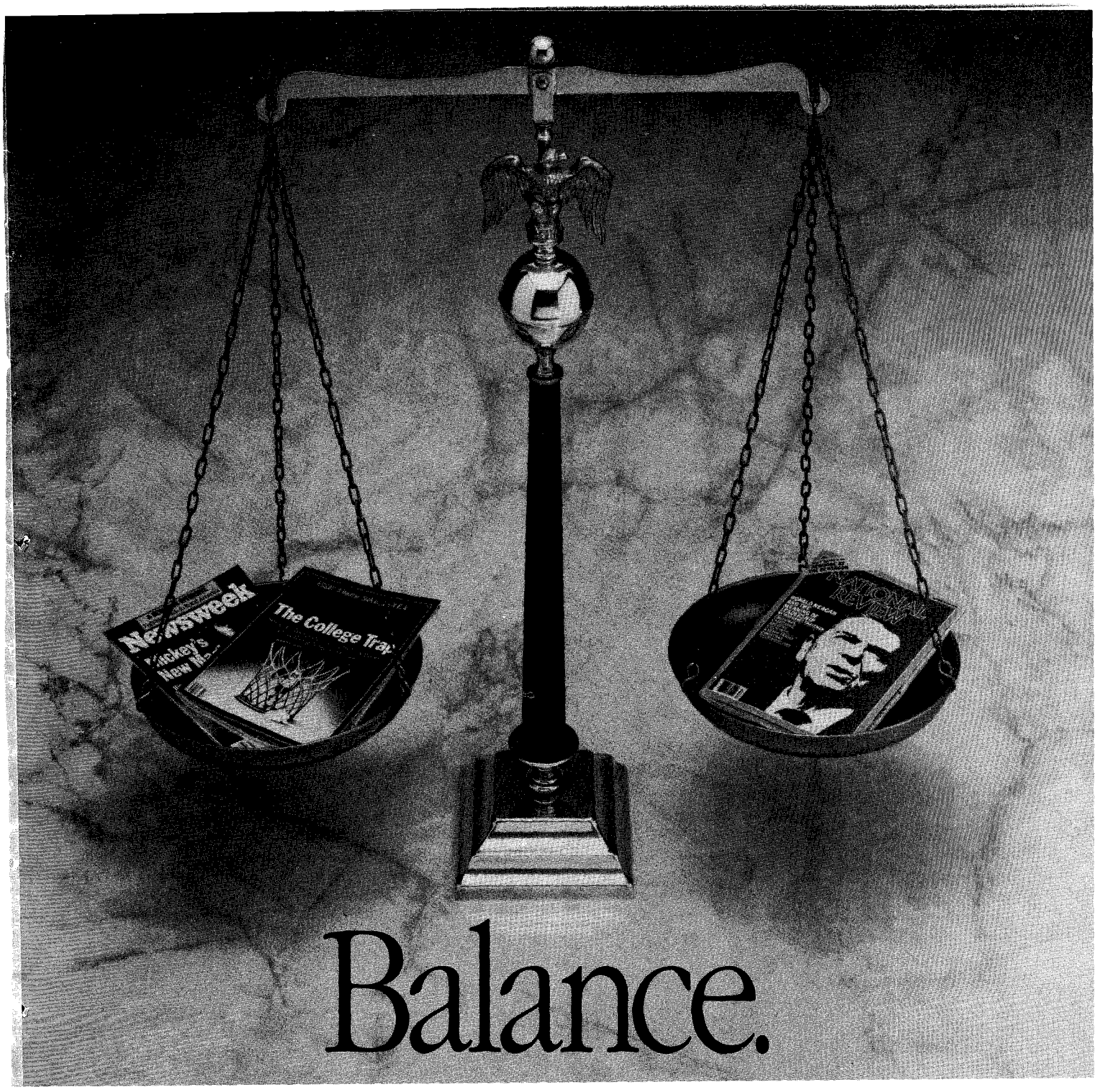
I am enormously cheered to discover that Don Pevsner's insurance company calculated my value during our joint experience at approximately a half-million dollars. I can only conclude that the insurance company did a little research and discovered that in 35 years of professional experience I had missed only a single engagement, making their bet against my incapacitation pretty safe.

As I reflected on this question of odds, it occurs to me that Don should have asked what the insurance company would have guaranteed you as a refund if, during our trip, I had decided to join the Democratic Party. I must suppose that it would have returned to you at least the total of your expenses for the trip. If I had decided in South Africa to desert you and join the African National Congress, perhaps I could have made you all millionaires, redundant though, I am led to believe by newspaper accounts, this would have been.

But this having been said, you will perhaps understand why if, between now and our landing in London, any of you passes me a convivial drink, I will tactfully pass it along to my wife, Pat, and watch her carefully to see what happens to her after drinking it. If I arrive safely in London, it is only appropriate that I should apologize to you all for my failure to look after our collective interests.

And so—I bid you good night, with thanks to you all for your courtesies and for your kindness in our exchanges, which I have so much enjoyed. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Balance.

Take a look at the typical news magazines. Pretty much the same. Now take a look at **National Review**. Something's different here, and rightly so.

NR keeps you in touch with the "other" point of view which has come to be a necessity for the truly informed person in these days of "homogenized" news reporting. **National Review** gives your own opinions the critical balance that can make your views and conversations more interesting.

But the benefits of getting NR regularly don't stop with this special coverage of current events. There's an abundance of other features to expand your horizons and delight your sense of humor. All of this makes NR one of the best buys around.

All *you* need do to start enjoying some of the best journalism in America is to fill out and mail the handy postpaid card, or just use the coupon at the right. It entitles you to the next 15 big issues of **National Review** at the special introductory rate of just $17.95. It's the first step in the *right* direction.

For all the right reasons.

NATIONAL REVIEW

Subscription Department
P.O. Box 96639; Washington, D.C. 20077-7471

❑ I'd like a news magazine to give me more balance.
I'll try a 15-issue (30 week) subscription for only $17.95.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Send no money. We will bill you.
Foreign and Canadian subscribers, please add $6.90 (U.S. currency). SA62BAL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

Richard Pipes

The Long Road to Freedom: Russia and Glasnost, by Walter Laqueur (Scribner's, 325 pp., $21.95)

Beyond Glasnost: The Post-Totalitarian Mind, by Jeffrey C. Goldfarb (University of Chicago, 248 pp., $24.95)

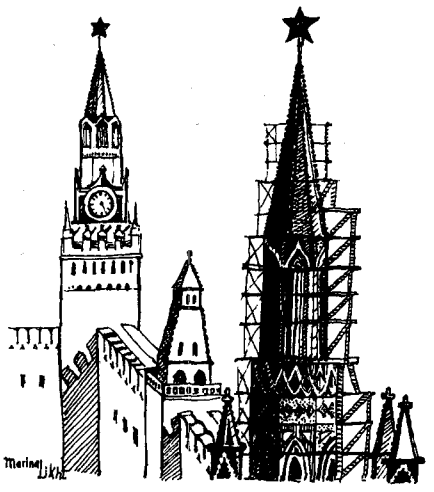
THE WORDS *perestroika* and *glasnost* came together into the English vocabulary and are commonly treated almost interchangeably, but they refer to different things. *Perestroika* means "restructuring" and refers to the proposed changes in the Soviet Union's political and economic system: changes which would keep in place the one-party regime and state ownership of the economy while allowing the citizenry a greater sense of participation.

Glasnost is more difficult to translate. The word gained currency in the mid nineteenth century, when Russia was ruled by an absolute monarchy, and decisions affecting the lives of her inhabitants were routinely taken in secret. Proponents of *glasnost* wanted such decisions to be publicly arrived at. In Gorbachev's Russia the term has been given a somewhat different meaning, signifying freedom of expression, i.e., the relaxation of censorship. So far, it has not affected the traditional secretiveness with which the Soviet government operates. Thus, for example, the recent decision to repress by force the Georgian demonstration for independence was not announced in advance; nor did Soviet citizens have any inkling of the severe anti-sedition laws issued in the wake of the Georgian unrest.

Glasnost under Gorbachev has led to the removal of many taboos on discussion of Soviet history and Soviet internal conditions, especially as they relate to the regimes of Stalin and Brezhnev. Lenin is still virtually untouchable, as is Gorbachev.

The extent of freedom of opinion granted by Gorbachev has caught Sovietologists by surprise. It had been generally thought that major economic reforms were unavoidable, and that they would be accompanied by some liberalization of the political system. But the experts were convinced that the "surreality" the regime had imposed on the population since 1917 would be kept in place because the lies of which it was woven were essential to the regime's survival. The founders of the Soviet state knew that once the citizens were permitted to raise questions, they would be unlikely to keep within prescribed limits.

In retrospect, it appears that the experts did not make adequate allowance either for the disastrous state of the Soviet system or for the political exigencies of *perestroika*. In order to justify the contemplated changes, which faced entrenched opposition, the government had to tell the population the truth about the country's condition. For if the Soviet Union was indeed the most progressive and prosperous country in the world, as Soviet propaganda has been claiming for decades, why change?



Walter Laqueur's *The Long Road to Freedom* is a comprehensive survey of the effects of *glasnost* in the fields of history, literature, economics, and social science. It is based on research in a most impressive variety of materials, though it is unfortunately marred by numerous orthographic and grammatical errors in the rendering of Russian sources. However, like everything Mr. Laqueur writes, it is distinguished by sound judgment and healthy skepticism.

This skepticism is applied to the future of *glasnost*, which Laqueur feels has probably reached its acceptable limits. Furthermore, freedom of expression, welcome as it is, cannot of itself satisfy the people's aspirations. He wonders "whether *glasnost* can survive unless there will be substantial economic and social changes. What is the use of openness unless the evils that have been correctly diagnosed are removed?"

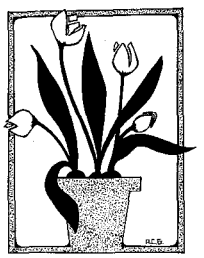
The historian cannot help recalling that in the decades immediately preceding the collapse of the old regime, France witnessed an unprecedented expansion of free speech, unaccompanied by substantive reforms. The same was true of Russia from the 1860s until 1917. Laqueur argues that *glasnost*

Richard Pipes is Baird Professor of History at Harvard University and the author of a forthcoming history of the Russian Revolution, to be published by Knopf.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is in danger "because it makes governing the country more difficult than in the past . . . All kinds of tensions, national and social, which were suppressed before are coming to the fore"; such tensions play into the hands of those opposed to reform, who can exploit them to reimpose authoritarianism. As one example, Laqueur cites a resurgent right-wing Russian nationalism. *Glasnost* has released not only liberal, democratic opinion but also exceedingly ugly racist trends that focus on the "Jewish menace" in terms drawn directly from Nazi propaganda.

JEFFREY GOLDFARB'S *Beyond Glasnost* is an essay about the breakdown of the totalitarian mentality, mainly in Eastern Europe and most particularly in Poland. Goldfarb claims that the true authors of *glasnost* were the dissident intellectuals. He attaches special importance to the liberation of language from totalitarian control, and where he deals with Solidarity and the cultural renaissance in Poland he is on safe ground.



Unfortunately, his ambitions exceed both his knowledge and his capability for dealing with theory. He assures us repeatedly that he is "unorthodox," but this is not evident to the reader. He promises to provide a history of the concept of totalitarianism, but seems unaware that it was first formulated in the early 1920s by anti-fascists and then adopted by Mussolini. Simiarly, he attributes the concept of authoritarianism to Jeane Kirkpatrick and claims that it has served the "interest of Reagan's militarization of American foreign policy." In reality, the distinction between "totalitarian" and "authoritarian" regimes is at least half a century old, going back to the late 1930s, when it was formulated by German émigrés to explain the unique features of the Nazi political system. Goldfarb on occasion suggests that the Western mind, too, is in the grip of totalitarian thinking, as when he accuses Allan Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind* of serving a "narrow ideological purpose," and treats anti-Communism as "American kitsch very much parallel to the kitsch of the leftist Grand March and totalitarianism."

I also have difficulty with Goldfarb's concept of the "post-totalitarian mind," on which he lays much stress. In fact, the striking thing about totalitarianism has been its utter failure to mold the human personality. Few under either Communist or Nazi rule have believed in "Newspeak" even if everyone had to conform to it. On my visits to Russia since 1957 and to Czechoslovakia a few weeks before the Soviet invasion, what struck me most was the total absence of anything resembling intellectual conformity or a "totalitarian mentality." For this reason, with all due respect for the heroism and accomplishments of the Soviet and Eastern European dissidents, it is too much to give them credit for *glasnost*. The loosening of the bonds of speech was primarily inspired by the Communist regimes' need to reinvigorate their societies. *Glasnost* legitimized what everyone knew were the people's true opinions, as *perestroika* is legitimizing the "second" economy.

This fascinating experiment with controlled freedom of opinion by a regime that insists on maintaining a monopoly on political power probably still has a way to go. The Communist authorities cannot avoid the necessity of coming up with a reasonably satisfactory explanation of their past; the difficulty of the task is demonstrated by the fact that last year Soviet schools had to suspend history examinations. Who authorized the Bolshevik party, which by latest calculations had won only 22 per cent of the vote in the elections to the National Assembly in November 1917, to assume dictatorial power? How were Stalin and his crimes possible? How could the party that claims scientific infallibility allow the twenty-year period of "stagnation" under Brezhnev?

Glasnost raises such questions; the answers threaten to undermine the legitimacy of the ruling party. For one obvious answer is that the tragedies that the Soviet Union has experienced over the past seven decades, and the disastrous condition in which she finds herself today, are the result of one-party rule. The multi-party system is an inexorable consequence of *glasnost*. Thus, unless the Communist Party is willing to give up its monopoly on power, it must in time restrain and perhaps even do away with freedom of opinion. The use of *glasnost* as a tactic to justify economic reforms and to give the people the sense but not the reality of involvement carries risks of which the present Soviet leadership does not seem to be fully aware. □

NASTY PEOPLE

Hugh Trevor-Roper

Voices from the Third Reich: An Oral History, edited by Johannes Steinhoff, Peter Pechel, and Dennis Showalter (Regnery Gateway, 550 pp., $24.95)

IN THE 1920s and 1930s Hitler persuaded the German people that he would restore their national honor and national pride, bring back prosperity, save them from Communism, and recover, in peace, the territories lost by war. Having been entrusted with power, he unleashed the most devastating war in history, which left Germany in ruins, physically bisected, shorn of historic provinces, and half of it under Communist rule. National honor was replaced by a burden of guilt and shame that will not go away.

How could this happen? How could a civilized nation willingly submit to such a regime and become an accomplice in its crimes? Those who never knew those years ask the question. Those who remember them can reply only by stating their own experience: how they reacted to Hitler's propaganda, how they were involved in his war, and how, and when, they realized that they had been betrayed.

This book is an anthology of their replies, gathered by personal interviews throughout the Federal Republic. Those questioned—157 persons in all—come from all classes. Some of them are public figures. Two bear the names of historic chancellors of Germany: a Bismarck and a Stresemann. Two have themselves been chancellor: Helmut Schmidt and Helmut Kohl. There are widows and sons of the executed conspirators of July 20, 1944: a Stauffenberg, a Yorck, a Goerdeler, a Trott. There are officers who, after Stalingrad, formed the "Free German Committee" and broadcast to Germany from Moscow: Count von Einsiedel, Jesse von Puttkamer. There is a mov-

Hugh Trevor-Roper, Lord Dacre, is the author of The Last Days of Hitler *(1947), among other books.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RANDOM NOTES

☐ COMING IN JUNE: Raymond Carver finished *A New Path to the Waterfall* (Atlantic Monthly Press, $15.95), a collection of previously unpublished poems, shortly before his death last August. Though, like his fiction, Carver's poetry is variable, the best poems here are as powerful as the best of his short stories.

Nathaniel Branden met Ayn Rand in 1950. As we now read in his memoir, *Judgment Day: My Years with Ayn Rand* (Houghton Mifflin, $21.95), the two quickly struck up an affair, which lasted until 1968, when Miss Rand caught Mr. Branden cheating on her with a model and excommunicated him from her inner circle. Mr. Branden is long-winded and self-dramatizing, but a source of valuable gossip for admirers of Miss Rand.

Stonewall Jackson: Portrait of a Soldier (Morrow, $19.95), by John Bowers, is an anomaly: a military biography and a good read. Following the trajectory of his subject's career—as Jackson rises from eccentric professor to brilliant military leader, only to be accidentally gunned down by his own men at the battle of Chancellorsville—Bowers proves himself to be not only a beautiful writer, but a sensitive and probing biographer.

Though Roy Medvedev was not the first to chronicle the atrocities of the Stalin era, his classic *Let History Judge: The Origins and Consequences of Stalinism*, an expanded version of which is to be published by Columbia University Press ($57.50), is distinguished by the fact that its author is a Soviet historian recently elected to the Congress of People's Deputies.

☐ LEFT OVER FROM MAY: Unlike Elie Wiesel—whose writing has likewise been dominated by the theme of his experience at Auschwitz—Primo Levi could think and write about subjects other than the Holocaust. While Wiesel has droned on interminably, Levi, during the last decade of his life (he threw himself down a stairwell in 1987), wrote a series of charming, elegant essays on subjects ranging from his first, unrequited love, to playing chess with a computer. A volume of these essays, *Other People's Trades* ($18.95), has been collected by Summit Books. —DK

---

ing account, by their sister, of the protest and execution of Hans and Sophie Scholl, the idealists of the "White Rose" resistance movement in Munich. And there is a cool, factual account, by his son, of the death of Hitler's once-favorite field marshal, Erwin Rommel. Suspected of treason, but too popular to accuse or degrade, he was ordered to commit suicide quietly. If he would do that, he was told, his death would be ascribed to a heart attack, there would be a state funeral, and his family would not suffer. The bargain was kept. He swallowed the proffered pill, and Hitler sent a hypocritical telegram of condolence to his widow and a personal representative to the pompous funeral.

These are public names, but most of the witnesses are ordinary soldiers and civilians who testify to their early enthusiasm or give personal accounts of their later experiences: the bombing of their cities, the hardships and brutalities of war, the sack of Berlin. There are painful stories by survivors of the pogroms and of Auschwitz. Very occasionally there is a touch of grim humor. A wounded tail-gunner, after a day and a night beside his wrecked plane in the African desert, saw the vultures gathering around him "to see if I was in a proper state for consumption." He had assumed that he would die of thirst, "but to be eaten by vultures was too much." And there are redeeming glimpses of human kindness: a Russian Jewish woman doctor, having lost her only son in the war, did her utmost to save the lives of German prisoners; another Russian woman consistently evaded the Russian guards in order to bring "bucket after bucket" of water to German prisoners dying of thirst.

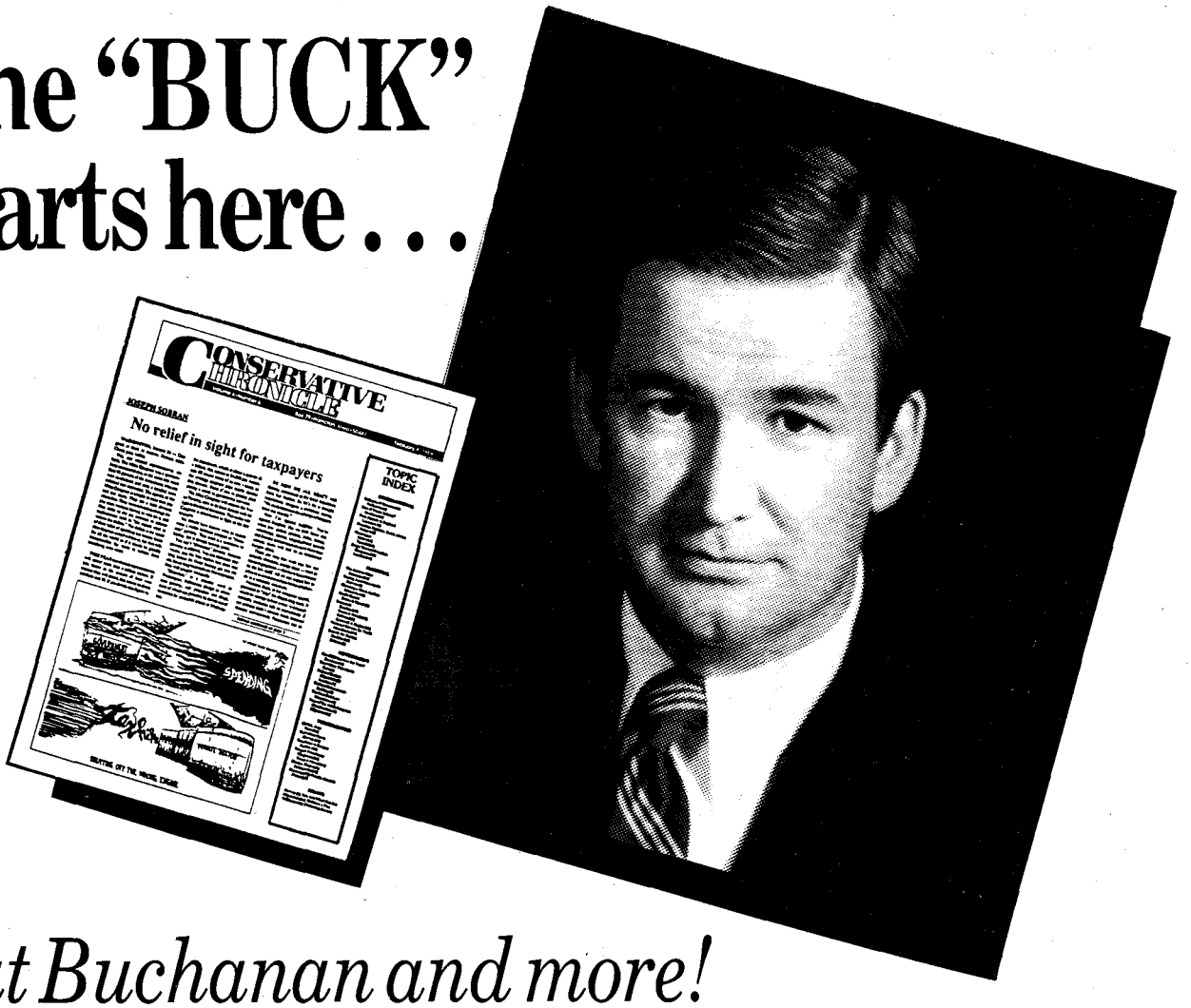
Two of the editors of this book are themselves among the witnesses. General Steinhoff, with a thousand other young men, was inspired to join Hitler's new Luftwaffe by a harangue from Goering. Goering, at that time, was a charismatic figure, an air ace of the First World War, and his appearance was suitably theatrical: "He wore a blue-grey uniform and red, spurred Russian leather boots," spoke of "disgrace, humiliation, the Reich's right to living-space," and promised "retaliation." Later, these pilots would change their minds about Goering. They came to hate him as the irresponsible amateur who scandalously accused them of cowardice in order to cover his own failures. The other German editor, Dr. Pechel, fought in an armored division in Poland, Greece, Russia, and Normandy, while his less enthusiastic parents languished in separate concentration camps. His disillusion came when he discovered the true figures on German tank production and the true facts about the Final Solution. These showed that Hitler had launched both "a criminal war" and one that he could not win.

A criminal war . . . an unwinnable war. Which was the graver charge? Generally, it seems, the latter. Almost all the fighting men began by believing that it was a just war—a war for the Fatherland, not the Führer—and that it would be won. They were young, they had been indoctrinated, theirs not to reason why. Only slowly, faced by the horrors of the eastern front, or as prisoners of war, did they reflect on the impossibility of victory and the crimes committed in their name, and begin to despise the leaders whom they had so blindly followed. Hitler, they now believed, was "a total military amateur" to whom "the lives of his front-line soldiers weren't worth a cent." His propaganda of hate was false: in Russian captivity, says one of them, "the image of Soviet subhumans I had carried with me finally collapsed." The crimes which hitherto they had refused to believe ("Germans don't do such things") were now shown to be true; and "we were going to have a lot to answer for if we lost the war."

They have been answering for it ever since. How could they have been so seduced, so blinded? Ritual explanations are given—the Treaty of Versailles, the weakness of the Republic, the economic crisis—but they do not convince. The problem remains. Fortunately it is now largely historical. The Germans of today are guiltless. Perhaps we should be content with the charitable comment of a German Jew who was lucky enough to survive. Germany, he would say, "is the most beautiful country in the world, but it has had some nasty people for a while." ☐

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The "BUCK" starts here . . .



Pat Buchanan and more!

Read Pat Buchanan's pointed, insightful column about national affairs every week. Now, when you subscribe to the CONSERVATIVE CHRONICLE, you get two Buchanan columns printed in full every week along with the opinions of over 24 other distinguished columnists and 20 cartoonists with conservative appeal.

Buchanan revived his respected column after serving on the Reagan administration as communications director and assistant to the president. Previously an assistant to Presidents Nixon and Ford, he offers an insider's look at the workings of government and a behind-the-scenes perspective on policy-making in Washington.

Read Buchanan's "Dividing Line" feature in every CONSERVATIVE CHRONICLE along with George F. Will, William F. Buckley, Jr., Donald Lambro, Jeane Kirkpatrick and many others.

To get Buchanan and a great line-up of his conservative contemporaries, call toll free or mail coupon and take advantage of an exceptional value — 52 issues of the CONSERVATIVE CHRONICLE for only $36.00 — with a money back guarantee!

CONSERVATIVE CHRONICLE Box 29 Hampton, Iowa 50441

CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-558-1244 ex. Ia.
Phone hours: Monday-Friday 8 to 5 CTZ

YES *I accept your subscription offer of 1 year (52 issues) for $36.00 (add $20.00 for foreign postage.) I understand I can obtain a full refund on unmailed copies at any time.*

Payment Method
☐ Check Enclosed ☐ Visa ☐ M.C. ☐ AX ☐ Bill Me

Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

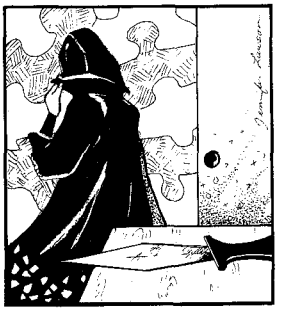
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A MATTER OF CONSENT

Angelo M. Codevilla

Deception: The Invisible War between the KGB and the CIA, by Edward Jay Epstein (Simon & Schuster, 335 pp., $19.95)

DECEPTION IS AS important in international conflict as in any other human contest, from chess to football. Surprise, the fruit of deception, is the greatest of all strategic advantages. The pre-eminent strategists—Thucydides, Sun Tzu, Kautilya, Tacitus, Machiavelli, etc.—codified the lessons of experience and common sense: discover your opponent's predilections, behave so as to deepen his mental ruts, then strike in the way he least expects. Deception, in turn, is the fruit of intelligence: that process by which one discovers the truth about one's enemy while simultaneously shaping and manipulating what he knows about you.



The Soviet Union is at least as inclined to deception as any state that has ever existed. Its founders were professional conspirators. The principal events in the history of the Soviet regime—the NEP; the destruction of opposition movements of both the Left and the Right; collectivization; the purges; the takeover of eastern Poland, the Baltic states, and later the rest of Eastern Europe; the acquisition of Western economic and military assistance—have all involved deceptive tactics. The Soviet military so values deception that General Ogarkov was moved directly from the post of chargé for deception (and arms control) to the highest uniformed post: chief of the general staff. It is difficult to overstate the role of the KGB in Gorbachev's reform program.

One therefore might expect the U.S. Government to devote a significant portion of its resources to efforts to protect our own intelligence-gathering system against the Soviet Union's, to detect Soviet deception in general, and perhaps even to confound the Soviets by allowing them to steal deceptive U.S. "secrets." In fact, U.S. intelligence pays only token attention to deception, and that only because the congressional oversight committees, the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, and presidential directives have repeatedly forced it to do so.

How has the intelligence community developed so cavalier an attitude toward a subject that should be among its principal concerns? What are the techniques for detecting and countering deception? What role has deception played—and what role can it play—in the contemporary struggle between the U.S. and the USSR? Edward Jay Epstein has tried to answer these disparate questions in a single book, which therefore must aspire to be primer, history, and policy analysis all at once. Since Epstein chose to organize *Deception* around the sequence of events that taught *him* the subject, the book also has an autobiographical aspect. For this reason, it lacks the conclusiveness one expects from a history or a policy analysis, and the systematic treatment one expects from a primer. Nevertheless, the author's insight and skill make *Deception*—which happens also to be the only current trade book available on the subject—well worth reading.

Nowhere else except in the specialized literature (e.g., *Intelligence Requirements for the 1980s*, edited by Roy Godson, and *Soviet Strategic Deception*, edited by Brian Dailey et al.) will the reader learn why the advent of "machine intelligence" made intelligence services more rather than less vulnerable to deception, or how the Soviet Union has managed to combine technical deception with the use of traditional double agents to produce solid operational successes. For example, from the mid 1960s to the mid 1970s such a mutually confirming combination helped to convince U.S. intelligence that the Soviet Union was *not* building missile-killing missiles.

Nowhere else except in the specialized literature—where it is not so well presented—will one find an explanation of how modern Soviet deception operations follow the pattern set by the Trust, which Epstein describes as "the basic deception operation the Soviet state was built on." In the 1920s, the Trust hoodwinked Western intelligence into dealing with supposedly anti-Communist elements within the Soviet leadership. Thus, it simultaneously pre-empted the West's cooperation with real anti-Communists, wasted Western energies, destroyed Western intelligence assets, and helped to solidify the Bolshevik regime.

Epstein shows that the Trust proved to be a sturdy model for later Soviet efforts because it embodied several timeless principles of the craft of deception. Among these is the idea that good security is the foundation of all successful deceptive strategies. From the beginning, the Soviet state has shut off all sources of information about its inner workings other than those controlled or monitored by itself. Today, as in the 1920s, Western intelligence must build its views on a narrow base of information, and is thus eager to accept uncritically any sources that appear to broaden that base. Most importantly—and this is Epstein's principal thesis—deception is a matter of shaping the message to suit the prejudices of the recipient. Thus, successful deception depends upon augmenting the deceived party's concrete interest in cooperating with the deceiver and denying as long as possible the accumulating evidence that the information involved is in fact disinformation.

With a long string of examples, Epstein shows that deception is a strategy not of imposing a fake reality by means of brute force, but of gently leading one's opponent to misinterpret facts in a way flattering to himself. Deception works with, not against, the victim's consent. For, just as no one was ever seduced against his will, no one was ever deceived against his will.

The U.S. intelligence community has aggressively closed its collective mind to the fact of deception because each and every collector of information—whether spy handler or technical-program manager—is paid to produce answers to questions rather than lists of reasons why disparate bits of data might or might not be reliable. So the CIA discounts the fact that nearly all U.S. spymasters abroad serve openly as U.S. government employees, and that their CIA affiliation is well known,

Angelo M. Codevilla, a senior research fellow at the Hoover Institution, is the author of While Others Build: A Commonsense Approach to the Strategic Defense Initiative *(Free Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

just as it discounts the fact that the existence, location, function, and most of the capabilities of our technical intelligence systems are well known to the Soviets. U.S. intelligence managers take what they can get, and regard any suggestion that the Soviets manage the flow of information as an attack on their professional competence.

As American intelligence analysts consider larger questions about Soviet weaponry and intentions, they must take into account three basic obstacles to accurate intelligence-gathering. The first is that the overwhelming majority of our analysts are political liberals, with all of the biases that implies. The second is that policy-makers tend to look less kindly on analyses that demand unpleasant responses from them than on ones that suggest they need not bestir themselves. The third is the practical difficulty of questioning the validity of one's sources.

In practice, anyone within U.S. intelligence who asks how the Soviets might be using the information they have gained about our means of observing them in order to mislead us is asking to what extent he or his colleagues have been previously misled. For an individual to pursue such questions requires great humility and integrity. For an intelligence bureaucracy to pursue them requires that and a lot more—namely, institutional protection against that huge majority of colleagues who will resent having their judgment questioned. The primary reason why American intelligence has done so poorly in this field is that there is no such institutional protection. If Epstein's book implies any policy recommendation, it is this: Establish it. □

SPINNING THE COKECOON

Wayne Lutton

Cocaine: White Gold Rush in Peru, by Edmundo Morales (University of Arizona, 228 pp., $24.95)

Kings of Cocaine: Inside the Medellín Cartel, by Guy Gugliotta and Jeff Leen (Simon & Schuster, 391 pp., $19.95)

AN ESTIMATED six to eight million Americans are regular users of cocaine, and every day another five thousand try the drug for the first time. Open-air drug markets flourish in Washington, D.C., where more people were killed in 1988 than in the occupied West Bank. Nationwide, several thousand people died last year in drug-related violence. The outnumbered and outgunned police forces of major metropolitan areas can do little more than count the casualties in the turf wars fought by drug gangs. And while law-enforcement agencies report record seizures of drug shipments, wholesale prices continue to fall as contraband floods into our country.

The two books considered here shed considerable light on the development and dynamics of the cocaine trade and demonstrate just how formidable—perhaps hopeless—is the task confronting "drug czar" William Bennett and others who would try to contain it.

In *Cocaine: White Gold Rush in Peru*, Edmundo Morales, a native of Peru now working in drug research for the State of New York, offers a candid behind-the-scenes look at the world of cocaine from the remote Peruvian jungle plots where the coca plant is cultivated, to the primitive laboratories where coca paste and cocaine alkaloid are extracted from coca leaves, and on to the distribution network that moves the cocaine to Colombia, whence it is shipped to points north. Morales shows how the cocaine trade has come to dominate the economic, political, and social climate of Peru, which is the source of nearly two-thirds of the world coca crop (with neighboring Bolivia accounting for most of the rest).

Peruvians have been chewing coca leaves for nearly four thousand years, and the plant has long been grown there legally for local consumption. Only after cocaine became the drug of choice in Western Europe and the United States did coca cease being a marginal crop largely consumed at home and start becoming Peru's most profitable industry.

It is easy to see why the West's appetite for cocaine has proved to be an economic blessing for Peru. After all, other cash crops, such as tea, coffee, and tobacco, have not yielded the returns they were expected to, and agricultural prices in general have failed to keep up with the costs of production. The coca plant, however, thrives in areas where other crops cannot. It requires little water and little or no fertilizer, can be grown on hillsides and at high elevations, and is not susceptible to disease. Four or five crops a year for thirty to forty years can be anticipated from an average plot. All the coca plant needs is seasonal weeding.

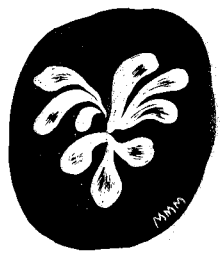
In addition to providing farmers with a crop that has a higher market value than anything else they could grow, the cocaine boom benefits every sector of Peru's economy. Peasants hauling bales of dried coca leaves from the distant growing areas to refineries earn nearly four times as much as do unskilled laborers in Lima. This has spurred a migration from the coastal cities and highlands to the jungles. Law-enforcement officials reap a steady stream of bribes and payoffs. Fronts such as travel agencies are paid to export cocaine, often using as couriers persons entering the U.S. as illegal aliens. (This is one of the reasons, by the way, why the United States' drug problem is inseparable from our inability to defend our borders against floods of illegal immigrants.) Foreign automakers, liquor distillers, and home-appliance distributors are among those who reap spinoff rewards from the cocaine business. Morales relates the story of an old Indian who walked barefoot into a new-car dealership and, taking a fancy to a blue pickup truck, proceeded to pull the purchase price, in cash, out of a sack he was carrying. As Morales points out, "To many, money is no problem at all; the problem is what to do with it." That this new economy is totally the creature of international organized crime seems to many Peruvians a small matter. An expression commonly heard in Peru sums up the situation: "Thank God coca makes dreams happen."

Wayne Lutton is a policy analyst writing from Washington, D.C., and the author of The Immigration Time Bomb *(American Immigration Control Foundation).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Peru as elsewhere, though, the cocaine trade has its casualties. The smoking of highly addictive coca paste —known in Peru as "bazooka"—has spread, and the habit is often acquired as early as the age of nine or ten. Petty crime and prostitution are the most common methods of obtaining money for bazooka-laced cigarettes. (Apparently the international homosexual community has come to view Peru as a happy hunting ground, where the favors of young boys can be purchased for a pittance.) But this tends to be accepted as the price that must be paid in return for all the benefits enjoyed by so many. It is no wonder that drug traffickers command the loyal support of the local populace when they are confronted by police, and why, as the author concedes, "The Peruvian government's action against the cocaine economy is largely limited to newspaper headlines."

Since the early 1980s, the United States has sponsored coca-eradication campaigns in Peru. These have failed to reduce—much less end—coca production, and it is easy to see why. The U.S. Agency for International Development (AID) has been trying to encourage the cultivation of cash crops other than coca in prime coca-growing areas. However, it does so by loaning out U.S. dollars at such a high rate of interest that repayment is impossible for farmers whose income honestly derives from rice, cacao, corn, palm trees, or cattle. Typically, then, Peruvian coca farmers will borrow AID funds, plant a few palm trees or raise some cattle as a ruse, and use the rest of their loan to clear more land for coca planting.



Realistically, unless the demand for cocaine is drastically reduced—either by a change in Western mores, or because another, perhaps synthetically derived, drug replaces it in popularity—there is no incentive for Peruvians to stop producing coca. If the Peruvian government were really to get tough and seriously cut drug production and trafficking at the source, the results would be disastrous: vast increases in unemployment and inflation, along with a surge in guerrilla warfare. (The *New York Times* reported this January that coca-growing areas in Peru are coming under the control, and protection, of leftist guerrillas, who warn peasants that U.S.-sponsored anti-drug efforts are only another method by which Western Imperialism seeks to keep them in poverty.) Morales's study confirms that, for Peru, the cocaine industry is a problem not of drug use and abuse, but of economics. Barring a sharp drop in demand, current and proposed anti-coca programs are bound to fail, because what economic force can replace coca?

In *Kings of Cocaine*, Guy Gugliotta and Jeff Leen—expanding upon their award-winning series of articles for the *Miami Herald*—detail the rise of the murderous Colombian drug-smuggling syndicate—popularly known as the Medellín cartel—that today controls as much as 80 per cent of the international cocaine supply.

In the early 1970s, Chile was the hub of worldwide cocaine distribution. However, following the overthrow of Marxist President Allende, General Pinochet put the Chilean cocaine dealers out of business within a year, whereupon the trade moved to Colombia.

At first, the Colombians were content to serve as refiners for the coca raised in Peru and Bolivia, shipping the produce to Cuban distributors headquartered in Miami. As the demand for cocaine in the U.S. and Europe grew, however, a group of Colombians based in the city of Medellín decided to break the Cubans' hold and assume control of both the production and distribution of the drug. The authors relate how the Medellín combine succeeded in getting rid of their competitors and developing a sophisticated distribution network that now employs thousands of people in Latin America, the U.S., and Europe.

The Medellín cartel is credited with introducing "crack," the almost instantly addictive smokeable form of coca-paste derivative, to the U.S. market. By this means, cocaine was transformed from a drug for the decadent wealthy into a product available to the masses.

By 1983, our able ambassador to Colombia, Lewis Tambs, was convinced that drug traffickers and Marxists there had formed an alliance. Gugliotta and Leen affirm the essential validity of Tambs's assessment and detail the ties the Medellín cartel forged with leftist guerrillas at home in Colombia, with the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua, with Fidel Castro, and with Panama's General Manuel Noriega. The guerrillas provide security for coca farmers, while Panama and Nicaragua have been used for the refining and transshipping of cocaine.

The Colombian government has cooperated sporadically with U.S. drug-enforcement efforts; by the end of 1986 a dozen cocaine distributors had been extradited to the U.S. to stand trial. But the cartel fought back, and in recent years has been responsible for the murder of Colombia's minister of justice; the chief of the country's National Police Anti-Narcotics Unit; fifty judges, including 12 members of the Supreme Court; scores of journalists; and countless informers. Colombia is a country faced with the collapse of her major social institutions, as the multi-billion-dollar drug trade headquartered there continues to thrive.

Other countries have successfully coped with emergent drug epidemics. But there is as yet no indication that the United States is willing to duplicate the measures—generally including a combination of stiff jail sentences for possession and swift execution of dealers—that have been found necessary to stem a plague of this kind. Unless such actions are taken here, there is no reason to suppose that the so-called war on drugs, currently being waged under the command of Field Marshal Bennett, will amount to much more than a war of words. □

CHAMBERS WITHOUT HISS

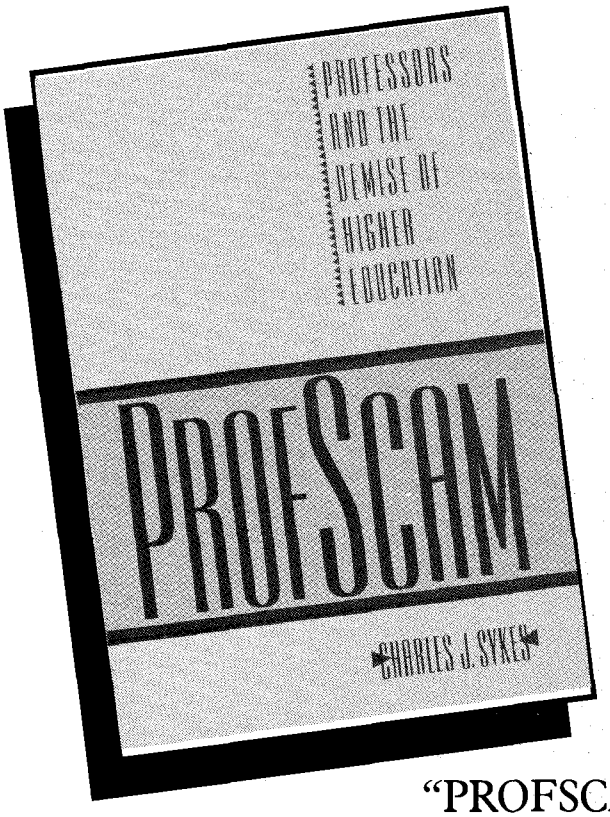
Joseph Sobran

Ghosts on the Roof: Selected Journalism of Whittaker Chambers, 1931-1959, edited by Terry Teachout (Regnery Gateway, 256 pp., $19.95)

THE PRICE OF believing Alger Hiss has been to cut oneself off from Whittaker Chambers. It has never been a mere question of choosing which of two contradictory stories to accept. Siding with Hiss has always meant diminishing his accuser—reducing Chambers to something he most certainly wasn't: not only a liar, but a bore; a man

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HIGHER EDUCATION IN AMERICA IS NOT HIGHER... IT'S A SCANDAL.



"An extraordinary book."
—National Review

"Stupendously provocative and entertaining ...an immensely important document."
—Washington Post

"There are few institutions more in need of a thorough debunking than American universities, and in PROFSCAM *they have found it."*
—Wall Street Journal

"Pugnacious, absorbing, funny, informative."
—Detroit News

"PROFSCAM *is an incisive and convincing indictment."*
—New York Times

"PROFSCAM *shakes the pillars of academia."*
—Chicago Sun-Times

"The modern university is distinguished by lectures of droning, mind-numbing dullness; teaching assistants who can't speak understandable English; curriculums that look like they were designed by a game show host; costs that are zooming out of control; and a generation of college students who might not be able to locate England on a map."

—*PROFSCAM*

Call toll free for credit card orders.

1-800-448-8311

Regnery Gateway
Suite 600-1130 17th Street, N.W. • Washington, DC • 20036

PROFSCAM: Professors and the Demise of Higher Education
$18.95 • 304 pages • Hardcover

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for _____ copies of *PROFSCAM*, plus $3.00 shipping.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____State_____Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with nothing to say, whose eloquence was nothing but fantastic loquacity.

In *Ghosts on the Roof*, we finally meet Chambers alone, without the shadow of the Hiss case, though its foreshadowing is here and there inescapable. The book is a collection of Chambers's magazine articles, written over a span of thirty years, from his early fiction in *New Masses* to his final ruminations for NATIONAL REVIEW. Most of these pieces belong to the Forties, the years between his defection from Communism and the controversy that ended his career as a journalist. His real career, in fact, lasted only the decade during which he wrote for *Time*, *Life*, and *American Mercury*.

It looks now like a brief intermission from the apocalyptic struggle that consumed him before and after. Here are thoughtful essays on Joyce, Santayana, Kafka, and Charles Beard, light pieces on travel books and movies (*Ninotchka*, *The Grapes of Wrath*). His famous *NR* review of *Atlas Shrugged*—a "somewhat ferro-concrete fairy tale"—is included.

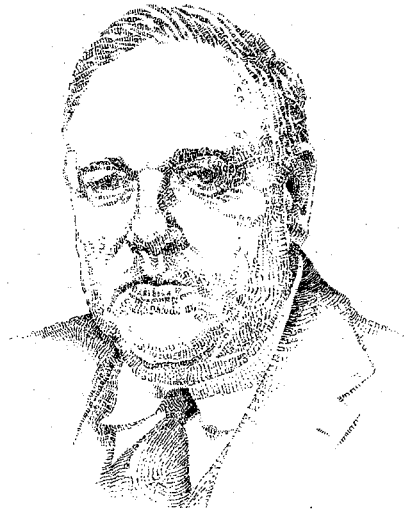
But the war years and the dark peace that followed found him addressing portentous topics that in all their variety pointed in the general direction of *Witness*: the atomic bomb, Satan, Toynbee's philosophy of history, Reinhold Niebuhr's theology, the papacy, Stilwell in China, Rebecca West's *The Meaning of Treason*, and—from several angles—Communism. Henry Luce knew talent when he saw it, and in Chambers he had a writer who combined depth of mind with an elegant popular touch. As Terry Teachout tells us in his introduction, Luce treasured Chambers enough to support him against the constant fury of *Time*'s sizable pro-Communist contingent in those days.

Chambers didn't just share Luce's unfashionable anti-Communism; he saw Communism as Burke saw the French Revolution, with a sort of horrified appreciation of its power, its evil, and its seductive appeal, far beyond anything its ordinary detractors were capable of realizing. Chambers also shared Luce's faith in what used to be called the Common Man; he thought it was possible to write intelligently about serious things without writing "down" to his readers. His brisk 17-paragraph account of how Einstein's physics displaced Newton's is a *tour de force* of expository writing. So are his unpretentious summaries of *A Study of History* and *Finnegans Wake*. He seems not to be oversimplifying for readers but explaining something, with maximum concision, to his own satisfaction.

These articles disclose a mind that was ready for anything, eager for challenges; never so committed in advance that it could be put on the defensive, not even by a scholarly apologia for the Soviet Union. It's hard to imagine that mind doing several years' servitude to a party line; and that he became the victim of a party line later—one to which not only Communists but nearly all respectable liberals gave fealty—was an exquisite punishment for the sins of his youth. His unsigned articles for *Time* reached millions; fame put him behind a *cordon sanitaire*.

Eventually even Luce deserted him. After creating a new special-projects niche for him, Teachout informs us, "Luce lost his nerve and told T. S. Matthews to withdraw the offer." Chambers wrote bitterly to Matthews: "Our enemies can never do these things to us. Only our friends can drive the knife quite through our vitals." Later Chambers and Luce were reconciled, but Chambers had taken the wound. Like so many shocks, it came as no surprise in principle, for, as he'd written in 1947, "the first traitor was the first man."

But Chambers's famous gloom is not much in evidence in this book. The general tone is one of steady, mild good humor—never optimistic, to be sure, but more often wry than solemn. Knowing all the harm "new ideas" could do, Chambers was hospitable to them anyway, because in the modern world there is no turning back, and because he simply found them fascinating. He could be drawn into any subject, and he had the gift of drawing the reader in with him.



Karl Swanson

Apart from the short fiction of his Communist period, these articles still draw you in, even when they deal with people and ideas that time has forgotten. For my money the biggest treat is his review of John T. Flynn's *As We Go Marching*, a book whose warning against indigenous fascism isn't exactly "still timely," maybe, but is nevertheless, like everything else Flynn wrote, a model of a certain style of conservative thought that deserves better than its present obscurity. Chambers seizes on what *is* still timely: Flynn's analysis of the typical degeneration of democracy into a jungle of organized interests to which the state gladly caters, at the expense of personal freedoms.

The review pleases as an encounter between two free minds that managed to find each other. It's also a cheering reminder that, for a few years, Chambers was permitted to be the writer he was meant to be. In its way, this book of fragments rounds out the record of a shattered life. □

TARGET PRACTICE

Fred W. Friendly

On the Firing Line: The Public Life of Our Public Figures, by William F. Buckley Jr., introduction by Alistair Cooke (Random House, 533 pp., $22.50)

IT IS NO SECRET that bound collections of transcripts even of superior television shows—whether *60 Minutes*, Walter Lippmann's TV conversations, or *See It Now*—just don't work. The special chemistry of broadcast dialogue simply does not transfer to the printed page. William F. Buckley Jr.'s *On the Firing Line*—the record of 22 years of *Firing Line* shows—does succeed, however, because this contentious, often errant knight has taken the time to provide context. Whether it be the awesome moment when guest Abba Eban is handed a communiqué stating

Fred W. Friendly, a former president of CBS News, is Edward R. Murrow Professor Emeritus at Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that Israel's "fanatical tormentor" (Gamal Abdel Nasser) had suddenly died, or when Kenya's foreign minister, Njeroge Mungai, just prior to taping, announces that certain questions are off limits (questions regarding Nixon and Watergate, for diplomatic reasons—no problem there—or: anything implying any criticism of any black African country), Buckley's sparkling commentary outpaces the turgid text of most of the studio exchanges.

On the tube, the author is hated and/or loved for his sardonic mischief-making, which evokes gales of satisfied mirth from the viewer on the Right while causing the tortured spectator on the Left to seek an inkwell or a rotten egg to hurl at that smug, swashbuckleying profile. On television, Buckley often comes across as a loathsome, overeducated dude, hurling poisoned darts at innocent victims. In this absorbing, highly informative book, he is gracious to his foes, almost fair to views he abhors, and a straight-shooter. Buckley is, for 466 pages, a riveting raconteur who recognizes a good joke even when it's on himself, and who will tolerate any insult save that of a reader putting the book down. This reader could not.

The author's remarks on superstars who never appeared on *Firing Line* cause one to laugh aloud: "Of Theodore Roosevelt it was said that whenever he attended a wedding, he confused himself with the bride." Or, "The Queen of England could not feign anonymity, neither could LBJ or Mr. Micawber." Buckley credits himself with being an expert on timing and style: "Arrive very early at a funeral and you will be noticed even as you will be noticed arriving at the very last minute. In between, you glide in, on cat feet."

Buckley teaches us that, in language, "rhythm is an act of timing." Once an indignant *Firing Line* guest asked him why he used the word "irenic" when all it means is peaceful—to which WFB replied, "I desired that extra syllable." In fact, a twenty-year observer of the Buckley style would agree that the extra syllable and the extended phrase are this man's meat.

In the substance of his broadcasts, WFB seems awkward and his style betrays him when he debates black guests such as the Reverend Jesse Jackson—to whom he refers as "nimble" and who seems to make him nervous

OVER THE last 20 years cable television has experienced tremendous growth. Along the way cable pioneers like Gene Schneider and Amos Hostetter have worked hard to give something back to the communities they serve. For the last 10 years one "something" has been the live coverage of public affairs on the C-SPAN network.

Gene Schneider was 27 when he started a one-channel cable system in Casper, Wyoming in 1953. Those humble beginnings became an American success story. Today, as chairman and CEO of United Cable Television Corporation, he offers dozens of channels to over one million viewers nationwide. C-SPAN is carried to every United cable customer.

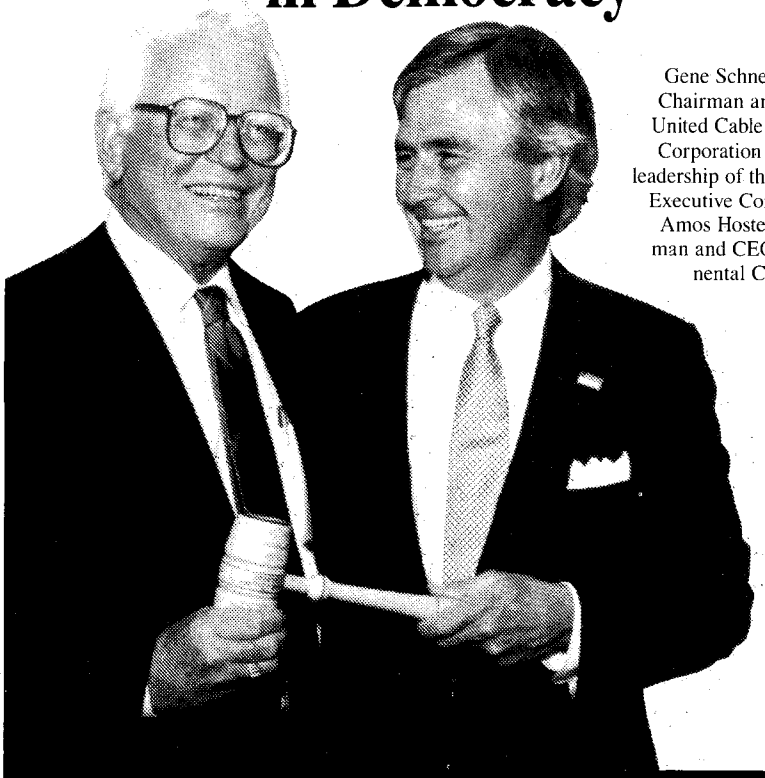
Amos Hostetter was also 27 when he received the cable franchise for Tiffin and Fostoria, Ohio in 1963. Today those communities are two of more than 300 communities served by Continental Cablevision, of which Amos is chairman and CEO. He defines "entrepreneur" as "someone who has total freedom to do what they want," and his company offers C-SPAN to nearly 100 percent of its two million-plus subscribers.

In a corporate world where growth demands total commitment of time and financial resources, Gene Schneider and Amos Hostetter have unselfishly given both to C-SPAN for the benefit of all Americans who take their time to watch.

If you believe that success in business means merely turning a profit, turn your cable channel selector to C-SPAN. You'll learn a lot from a network developed and supported by cable industry leaders whose commitment to public service is just as important as their commitment to the bottom line.

C-SPAN
Tenth Anniversary
1979-1989

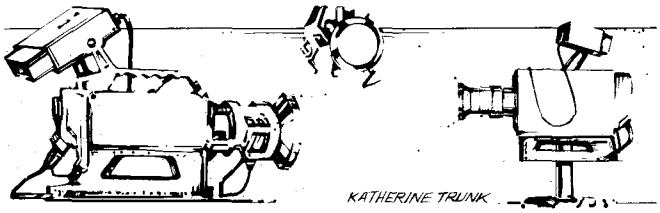
Cable's Growth Pays Dividends in Democracy



Gene Schneider (left), Chairman and CEO of United Cable Television Corporation passes the leadership of the C-SPAN Executive Committee to Amos Hostetter, Chairman and CEO of Continental Cablevision.

C-SPAN IS A PUBLIC SERVICE OF THE CABLE TELEVISION INDUSTRY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—and even Professor Thomas Sowell, with whom he appears to be more sympathetic. In his searing analysis of a 1965 debate with James Baldwin at the Cambridge Union, WFB cannot resist the gratuitous observations that Baldwin was "a black; he hated America; he was a religious skeptic and a homosexual." In his commentary on his friend Roy Cohn, WFB feels no compulsion to define Cohn's sexual proclivities.

This strategy of alternating between narrative and transcript works particularly well in Chapter 18—"A Debate on the Panama Canal" (1977). The cast is splendid and yeasty, led by WFB and Ronald Reagan, then vigorously campaigning for the White House. Buckley, like most of his conservative allies, had fervently opposed the treaty that President Jimmy Carter had made the centerpiece of his foreign policy. After a five-day visit to the Canal Zone, however, the mercurial WFB changed his mind and became an advocate of the treaty. He called Reagan and invited him to debate the issue on a special two-hour *Firing Line*. Reagan was skeptical at first but eventually agreed to participate. The result was an intense exploration of a complex and vital issue.

In the course of the debate, WFB characterized Mr. Reagan's view as being that the Canal treaty was unpopular with the American people "because we're tired of being pushed around." WFB explains Reagan's opposition as growing out of frustration. "We were pushed out of Vietnam, because we did not have the guts to go in there and do it right, just as Admiral McCain said. . . . and therefore how do we get our kicks? . . . By saying no to the people of Panama." And we have the conservative Buckley's telling rejoinder to the conservative Reagan: "Who in this room doubts that if the President of the United States weren't Jimmy Carter but, let us say, Douglas MacArthur, and if the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff were Curtis LeMay, and if the Secretary of State were Theodore Roosevelt, and this instrument was recommended to the Senate—who doubts that the conservative community of America would endorse it?"

Buckley won the debate, and a decade later, after eight years of the Reagan Presidency and the debacle in Panama, WFB tells the former President and all of us that "The mishandling of our diplomacy with Panama cannot, at this point, be laid on the shoulders of Jimmy Carter."

WFB cherishes his friends and foes: Malcolm Muggeridge; Whittaker Chambers; the confirmed tory Clare Boothe Luce, whom he eulogized at St. Patrick's; and the confirmed liberal Allard Lowenstein, whom he eulogized at a synagogue. Buckley recognizes a worthy television guest when he sees one, and he never permits ideology or dogma to spoil a good show.

In between all the feisty shows and the few flat ones, there postures the rangemaster of his firing line. "Like Our Lady's juggler," he concludes, "I can proffer only such skills as I have, a working, workaday juggler, in pursuit of a little learning, and of the means by which I can repay that which has come to me."

WFB savors a remark made by the manager of Sonny Liston, the "gargantuan prizefighter" who was often accused of felonies and misdemeanors. "You know," said his manager, "Sonny has a lot of good points. It's his bad points that aren't so good." Certainly Buckley has his share of good points, and his bad points aren't so bad. The nimble young juggler from Yale, now the greyish old tumbler of NATIONAL REVIEW and *Firing Line*, is worth an evening of your time. □

THE LAST VICTORIAN

Samuel Francis

Arnold J. Toynbee: A Life, by William H. McNeill (Oxford, 346 pp., $24.95)

IT IS FASHIONABLE nowadays for academic historians far less learned than Arnold J. Toynbee to snip and sneer at him and the vast project to which he devoted his life: the synthesis of global history within a single framework based ostensibly on empirical scholarship rather than metaphysical or religious speculation. I recall in graduate school an eminent historian saying that Toynbee wrecked his career as a classical scholar when he embarked on his study of history. That's rather like saying that Ronald Reagan ruined himself as an actor by going into politics.

William H. McNeill's biography of the author of *A Study of History* is intended in part to rescue Toynbee from the derision that now generally greets references to him and his work. Mr. McNeill is well suited to the task, having made his own reputation through such works of world history as *The Rise of the West*. Unfortunately, his study of Toynbee does little to achieve its goal.

With a masterly touch, McNeill expounds the personal life of his subject, revealing details of a checkered family life, social and educational background, and professional career that were not previously well known. What is missing is any systematic account of what Toynbee believed and why he believed it, and nowhere in the book is there any statement of the general theory of history and civilization that he articulated. Despite brief references to the influences of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Henri Bergson, there is no detailed discussion of the intellectual currents from which Toynbee emerged. Despite vague allusions to Toynbee's efforts to educate himself in Asian, African, and Latin American history, there is no account of what he read, why he read it, or how it influenced him. And despite hasty mentions of the criticisms of his work by H. R. Trevor-Roper and Pieter Geyl, there is no real discussion of the controversies surrounding Toynbee's work or of how well the ideas and research of *A Study of History* stand up today, or how they relate to current work in the discipline of comparative history. As a result there is little in McNeill's biography to justify his conclusion that "Toynbee is a real though not-too-promising candidate for the dignity of ranking as a major figure in European (and an emerging global) literary and historical culture." His comparison of Toynbee to Milton and Dante thus remains *outrè*.

Samuel Francis is deputy editorial-page editor of the Washington Times.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yet depite Toynbee's intense dislike of anything that smacked of "nationalism" or "tribe-worship," he was a major influence on the intellectual development of the American Right in the 1940s. McNeill demonstrates that Whittaker Chambers's sympathetic cover story on Toynbee in *Time*'s issue of March 17, 1947, made him famous in the United States overnight. Chambers saw in the first six volumes of *A Study of History* an alternative and essentially Christian model of history and human destiny that could supplant Marxism. Toynbee's book, he wrote, was "the most provocative work of historical theory written in England since Karl Marx's *Capital*" and offered an affirmation that "not materialist but psychic factors are the decisive forces of history." The *Time* story appeared five days after Harry Truman's pronouncement of the Truman Doctrine, the U.S. response to the Soviet challenge, and Toynbee was thus drafted into the cold war. Though McNeill does not mention it, another book published the same week, James Burnham's *The Struggle for the World*, also relied heavily on Toynbee's interpretation of history.

Whatever virtues thinkers like Burnham and Chambers found in Toynbee's schema, they were drawing on only the first part of his work. In the second part, published in four volumes in 1954, Toynbee's perspective, because of personal religious experiences, shifted radically, away from the secular patterns of human civilization and toward a more ethereal view. "Civilizations were not," writes McNeill, "as he had formerly assumed, humankind's supreme work of art. Rather, the supreme end and goal of human life was a more perfect communion with God, and this was achieved, however imperfectly, by the various higher religions."

Toynbee's more other-worldly and syncretic perspective in his later years probably accounts for the virtually anti-Western cast of his political opinions in his old age. Despite his denunciations of American "materialism" and "imperialism" on American lecture tours, however, he deliberately used these tours to get rich, often gouging his academic hosts for large fees and delivering only a small repertoire of lectures. His (at least theoretical) preoccupation with the universal and the eternal seems to have driven him into antagonism toward the particular political and cultural institutions of his own civilization and led him to sympathize with Buddhism and other non-Western cultures and religions. In 1972 he went to Greece, where he publicly prayed to Apollo to protect the biosphere from Western materialism.

McNeill believes that in an age of "global culture" Toynbee's work may yet enjoy a renaissance. But *A Study of History*, for all its self-proclaimed cosmopolitanism, remains very much a Victorian book, bubbling with English ethnocentrism, anti-American prejudices, and unexamined assumptions about man, mind, and history. The anti-Western racism and nationalism that today mask themselves as "global culture" will have as little use for the thought of this last Victorian as they do for the rest of the Western heritage. □

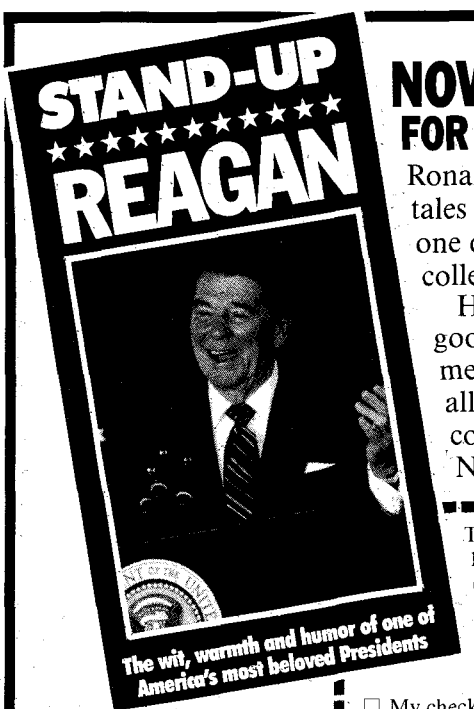
HERE WE GO AGAIN

Hugh Kenner

Rites of Spring: The Great War and the Birth of the Modern Age, by Modris Eksteins (Houghton Mifflin, 396 pp., $24.95)

ALL THROUGH the Thirties we knew the Next War was coming; knew too that we'd be fighting Hitler's Germany. But the Great War of 1914-18 was widely unforeseen, even in high places. And once declared, what was it "about"? The murder of an archduke? German violation of Belgium? Did the loss on a single day (March 21, 1918) of 150,000 Britons in "the largest engagement fought since the beginnings of civilization" really stem from contempt for an 1839 "scrap of paper"?

What kept the warriors going? By Modris Eksteins's showing, narcosis. "After a soldier had been at the front for about three weeks a distinct change was noticed in him: his reactions generally became duller, his face showed less expression, his eyes lost their



NOW
FOR THE FIRST TIME,
Ronald Reagan's most humorous tales and amusing anecdotes on one delightfully entertaining collector's video.

He jokes with Congress, takes good-natured potshots at the media and spins witty yarns with all that well-known warmth and congeniality. He even enlists Nancy as his partner in mischief!

There has never been a video like this. It's an ideal keepsake. ORDER NOW!

To: ACCURACY IN MEDIA 3539
1275 K St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005
(202) 371-6710
Send me a videotape of *Stand-Up Reagan (VHS format only)*
☐ One copy: $19.95 plus $3.00 handling
☐ Two copies: $37.90 plus $4.00 handling
☐ My check is enclosed.
☐ Charge VISA/MasterCard # _____
Expires: _____
Name: _____
Address: _____
City, State, Zip: _____
CREDIT CARD ORDERS: CALL 1-800-345-8112

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

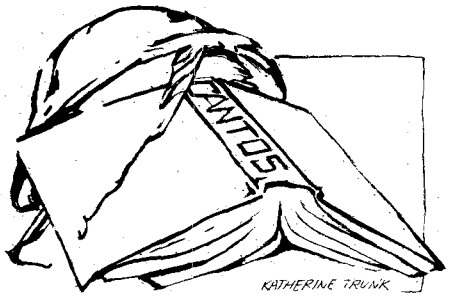
sparkle." "Shell shock," that came to be called. Beyond dealings with weather and vermin, not to know what was going on was normal. By 1916, war had been reduced "to reflex responses"; words like *duty*, *devoir*, *Pflicht* helped keep it going.

To make good a lack of rationale, old words were dusted off; the enemy was the "Hun." And when the Hun surrendered after 53 blood-drenched months, what next got altered for non-Huns to notice was little more than this, that the map of Alsace-Lorraine could be painted "French" again. If you went by end results, remarked Francis Picabia, Europe had undergone near-terminal exhaustion to achieve merely that. An insufficient explanation, was his point.

So what did bring it about? And bring about its successor phases, Weimar radicalism and the Third Reich? Modris Eksteins undertakes to tell us. The fact that at crucial moments he doesn't know what he's talking about does not negate his book's great strengths, which include some of the most vivid recreations of Great War experience we are likely to see. "Working parties digging or repairing trenches repeatedly uncovered corpses in all stages of decay or mutilation. Most of the time they simply shoveled them out of the way. Fragments of bodies did find their way, however, into sandbags. If those burst, they could divulge their contents in a manner so horrific that black humor became the only defense against hysteria." There's much like that.

Alas, there's also much like this: "The remarkable picture we have of Hitler as a part of the crowd in the Odeonsplatz in Munich cheering the announcement of war speaks volumes. He is standing in one of the front rows, this misfit, without friends, without women in his life, without a job, without a future. And yet his face is ecstatic, radiant. The eyes seem to sparkle." And here's the picture, a blurry shot comprising perhaps five hundred heads. And here's a detail lifted out: sure enough, a radiant face, a Chaplin mustache. But how can anyone be sure it's Adolf Hitler? That's rhetoric more than it's evidence.

More rhetoric: juxtaposed photos of



"Armored lookout man" and "Dada dancers." Yes, yes, a resemblance in the headgear. And a photo of a grotesque in a gas mask, captioned "Cubist war." That's reinforced in the text: "When men donned their masks they lost all signs of humanity, and with their long snouts, large glass eyes, and slow movements, they became figures of fantasy, closer in their angular features to the creations of Picasso and Braque than to soldiers of tradition." Elsewhere our attention is drawn to the sinister fact that the British painter C. W. R. Nevinson, who'd earlier "gone off to Paris to associate with cubists and futurists," became an acclaimed war artist once a superior had encouraged him to unleash "his own unrestrained savage [i.e., cubist] self."

In such details something surfaces, never quite spelled out but immanent in the book's long opening account of the scandal that attended the 1913 premier of *le Sacre du printemps*. What Mr. Eksteins would have us understand, without risking a quotable formulation, is that the artistic avant garde—Stravinsky, Diaghilev, Picasso, Braque, all those madmen—somehow *caused* the war by inciting a wholesale rejection of values. And *that*'s how it happened. That, plus German susceptibility to *Kultur*.

On this plane he gets everything wrong. "Joyce's Bloom in *Ulysses* revels in the quality of his fart." (No, he's embarrassed by it; he holds it till there's a tram's clangor for cover.) "Ezra Pound, in his Fascist phase, also railed against pity." (The austere "compleynt" against pity in Canto XXX—c. 1929—is voiced by Artemis, the Greek hunting goddess. But Kuanon, the Buddhist goddess of mercy, "Kuanon of all delights," is at least as prominent a figure in the *Cantos*.) "Wyndham Lewis founded a journal named *Blast* to capture [Marinetti's] intentions," which included "the destruction of monuments and museums and the burning of libraries." (But Lewis in *Blast* borrowed Marinetti's rhetoric to show that nothing could augur less for England's artistic future than futurism.)

And so on. For an historian professedly concerned with "the broad terms of cultural history," Mr. Eksteins is almost disarmingly ignorant. He's ferreted out quotations without the faintest sense of their context. David Jones's statement, "The whole past . . . is down the drain," is reinforced by adducing Joyce's Stephen Dedalus: "History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake." "As the past went down the drain," Eksteins intones, "the *I* became all-important." But Joyce had in mind a country where the past so engulfs that you'll still hear bitter tirades against Cromwell.

The late Michael Ayrton enjoyed pointing out that World War II pitted against each other two amateur painters: Churchill, Hitler. As a thesis (not that Ayrton intended a thesis), that makes about as much sense as Eksteins's. "A bold and unforgettable journey"—Alfred Kazin. "This bold and fertile book"—Paul Fussell. "The start of a new history"—James Carroll. If they'd only *read* it. □

Hugh Kenner's most recent book is A Sinking Island: The Modern English Writers *(Knopf).*

MORALITY WITHOUT MORALISM

Ed Marston

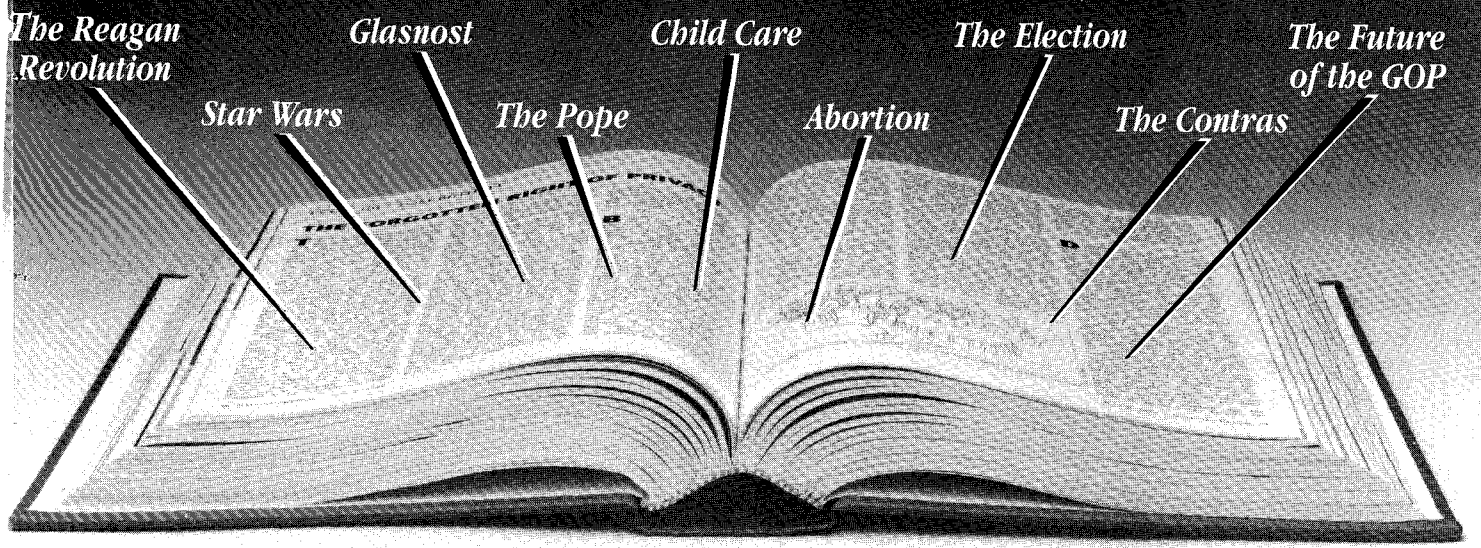
The Control of Nature, by John McPhee (Farrar Straus, 288 pp., $17.95)

THE BOOK OF GENESIS relates how God created the earth and placed man on it. When man proved unworthy of the Garden of Eden, God expelled him to live by the sweat of his brow. Now, millennia later, John McPhee writes in *The Control of Nature* that man has rebuilt the earth the better to suit himself, but in the process has created, not a new Garden of Eden, but a kind of perpetual-motion rowing machine that makes him sweat harder than anything God ever dreamed up.

The book is divided into three long chapters. The first is about the forcing of the Mississippi River into a straitjacket of levees, diversion dams, and flood-control reservoirs, all designed to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This book will tell your children more about 1988 than they will ever learn in school.



Order it now at this special pre-bindery price.

History As It Happened.

And 1988 is a year they should never forget. It was a year of social, political, and economic upheaval, and so many things happened so fast that *every* Conservative will want to have a permanent record of it all at hand – one that can be relied on.

You get that and a whole lot more in **National Review's 1988 Bound Volume**, your personal record of an incredible year. It's all there for you and your children, history that cannot be rewritten, just as it happened, unclouded by hindsight and misinterpretation. Everything you want (and *need*) to know about the exciting events of 1988 is all at your fingertips, fully indexed for quick and easy reference.

This year's Bound Volume contains over 1600 pages packed with a veritable treasure-trove of some of the best writing in America. It's something every member of your family will enjoy having handy for source material or for leisurely browsing.

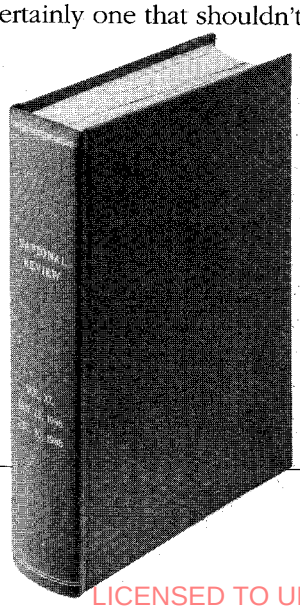
The National Review
1988 Bound Volume

Please Act Now.

Don't delay. Fill in the coupon today and send it to us to make sure a copy of this impressive book is reserved in your name, (since only a limited number of copies are bound, reservations are made on a first come, first served basis). By acting promptly and ordering now, you'll be eligible for the pre-bindery price of $59.95, a saving of more than $10 over the regular price of $70.

NR's Bound Volume XL is certainly one that shouldn't be missed. Start your collection now with this handsome book. It's bound in rich maroon roxite and imprinted in 24-carat gold to make a prize addition to any library. You may pay with your order, or enclose a $10 deposit and we'll bill you for the balance when we ship you your book. Just fill in the coupon and mail it to us today.

You and your whole family will be very glad you did.



NATIONAL REVIEW
Bound Volume Department
150 East 35th Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

- ❑ YES. Please reserve a copy of **National Review's 1988 Bound Volume** at the special pre-bindery price of only $59.95. I understand that by ordering now, my name will be placed on file and I will be notified in advance of the opportunity to acquire future volumes at a special price.
- ❑ I enclose my payment of only $59.95.
- ❑ I enclose $10. Bill me later for the $49.95 balance.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

protect New Orleans, the other delta towns, and what you might call the American Ruhr—that vast industrial zone lining the river and using its water. The confining of the Mississippi to a walled, swiftly flowing channel robs the delta of silt and floods, and creates a dynamic that pushes the Army Corps of Engineers to greater and greater exertions. Deprived of silt, the land sinks, while the walled river channel, which requires ever-higher levees, rises above the surrounding land. "The river," McPhee writes, "goes through New Orleans like an elevated highway"; people on the streets must look up to see the ships. The Corps has a tiger by the tail, and can only ride it. As the starved land falls away, as the river races at higher and higher speeds down what had been a twisting, changing channel, as the confined, impelled river hurls its silt farther out into the Gulf, greater and greater feats of engineering, and more and more concrete, are required.

The second chapter is about the fight to keep a flow of lava from engulfing an important fishing harbor and town of five thousand on the Icelandic island of Heimaey. To stop the flow, islanders and people who had come over from the mainland to help poured huge amounts of water onto the advancing lava, freezing its outer edges into a wall that turned aside enough of the molten outflow to save the harbor and much of the town.

The event was Promethean for Iceland. At first people laughed at the idea of "pissing on lava," but later the entire country got behind the effort. That was in 1973, but even today you won't hear Icelanders boasting that they "stopped" the lava; they have too much respect for the volcanic forces that underlie their nation's land. Instead, they say the lava may have been turned by luck. There is no talk in Iceland, as there is on the Mississippi, of putting nature in a hammerlock, of guiding it, of freezing its processes in time for the convenience of man.

The third part of the book is about Los Angeles, about the debris that tumbles down off the San Gabriel Mountains and the hubris that rises up from the city. When winter storms flash over land laid bare and made erodable by fires, the hills are capable of burying an entire community in an hour or so. To prevent this, L.A. has built scores of huge debris basins—dry reservoirs to catch the mud-rock slurries as they flow off the hills with great force and in great volume. In times of need, L.A. mobilizes fleets of trucks and earth-moving equipment to empty the basins and protect those who live in the canyons, in the interstices of the dragon's teeth. But the talk in L.A. is not about God or Promethean acts; it is about litigation. People have a *right* to live in the canyons; so when the debris basins don't do their job, residents sue the city. And when the city trucks in sand to the beaches to substitute for the debris trapped by the basins, which therefore no longer reaches the oceanfront, the sand had better be of the right color, or complaints will flood City Hall.

There are two wonderful things about this book. First is the graphic power of McPhee's writing. A reviewer is tempted to forgo analysis and just quote: "Even at normal stages, the Mississippi was beginning to stand up like a large vein on the back of a hand." McPhee's descriptions of engineering feats are given weight by his understanding of geological processes. He understands the Mississippi, for example, because he understands the Rocky Mountains, which supply much of the river's sediment and water. McPhee's writing is also distinguished by its tone, which is neither moralistic nor self-righteous. The general of the Army Corps in charge of the Mississippi fortifications gets as respectful a hearing as the lawyer-ecologist who says that after the stealing of the sun and the running of rivers backward, "The third greatest arrogance is trying to hold the Mississippi in place." McPhee lays out the case for control in strong terms. "For nature to take its course was simply unthinkable. The Sixth World War would do less damage to southern Louisiana. Nature, in this place, had become an enemy of the state."

Yet, despite the evenhanded way in which McPhee treats the issues and the people he interviews, this is an intensely moral book. McPhee understands that the source of our problems is neither evil man nor bumbling bureaucracy. It is our own innocence—the innocent desire of a Louisiana town to protect itself from the Mississippi, and of a productive, hard-working Icelandic village to save itself from a wave of fiery molten rock.

There is no doubt that the Army Corps, given the resources, can continue to hold the Mississippi in its channel and maintain the present precarious, destructive balance—or that L.A. can continue to live, in relative safety, in the shadow of the San Gabriel range. We won't lose these emplacements because of failure on the part of our engineers, but because of eventual changes in attitude. The costs—in money and to nature—will become so high that someday society will cut through a bank of thought and entrenched attitudes and end up in a different moral channel. What that happens, the Mississippi will follow, cutting loose from its present fortified, elevated interstate highway, and flopping over into the Atchafalaya—the channel that, if not for the Corps, would have captured the river decades ago, and dried up New Orleans and the American Ruhr. □

Ed Marston is publisher of the High Country News, *a bi-weekly newspaper in Paonia, Colorado.*

KIND OF POOR

Chilton Williamson Jr.

Sort of Rich, by James Wilcox (Harper & Row, 278 pp., $17.95)

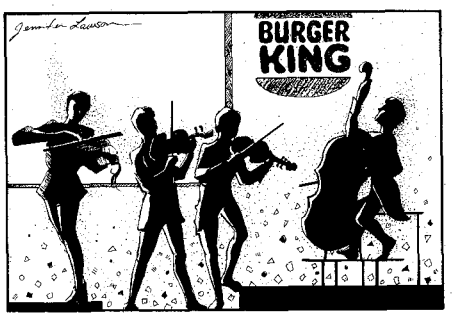
THROUGH JAMES WILCOX'S fourth novel we are again in Tula Springs, Louisiana: an affluent suburban town no farther than a $127 cab ride from New Orleans's Moisant Airport, where string quartets are hired to perform at the Grand Opening of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

newest Burger King, the parish priest is a Samoan who speaks the English language in a fluently experimentalist way, and a theater that shows horror films on Fridays functions on Mondays and Wednesdays as a Tae Kwon Do studio—the perfect community to host the Southeast Christian Handgun Association convention (even if there aren't, in point of fact, any springs).

Tula Springs is a synecdoche for America, whose culture has been so relentlessly "enriched" from so many unlikely sources that it has nearly ceased to have any character at all, like a naïve, too-eager, and too-uncritical graduate of one of the more prestigious four-year colleges. Regionalism has become almost extinct as a cultural definer and separator—but not entirely, as Gretchen Peabody Aiken-Lewes (a New York lady who would find that description sexist, the beneficiary of a family trust fund managed by a wealthy uncle, her name inscribed in the *Social Register*) discovers when she marries a Southern widower and real-estate agent (he, finally, makes the same discovery in his muzzy way).

In the cultural juxtapositions attendant upon the marital relationship of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dembar (pronounced "Denner"), I can only assume that Mr. Wilcox intends us to see an updated replay of the American Civil War, waged on the cultural level. The joke here—if it is a joke—is that, at any respectable level, Tula Springs and New York City barely exist, culturally speaking, a century and a quarter after Appomattox. The civilizations of both the North and the South are grossly attenuated versions of their original selves, having succumbed to the paradoxically homogenizing influence of the peoples-and-cultures-from-many-lands ideal, which, together with the uniformity imposed by modern technology, has converted the United States, at the end of the twentieth century, into a cultural no-man's-land. There remains, however, just enough regional diversity to maintain an opposition between Northern snobbery, on the one hand, and mild provincial resentment, on the other. And so Ms. Gretchen Aiken-Lewes meets Mr. Frankie Dembar, quite fortuitously, in a curiosity shop in New Orleans, after each one of them has gotten slightly squiffed.



Although James Wilcox and Sinclair Lewis have precisely nothing in common artistically, the Dembars remind me strongly of another mismatched couple: Dr. and Mrs. Will Kennicott of Gopher Prairie, Minnesota. Unlike Carol, however, who has genuine girlish charm, Gretchen is a smugly self-righteous, self-deluded snob and fortyish bitch (whose nemesis is Imelda Marcos) with few redeeming qualities—or perhaps with none, which undermines not so much her fictive reality as her value to Wilcox as a dramatist. Indeed, he is trying to wriggle through the impasse when, at the conclusion of the novel (which alone is something of a disappointment—maybe even a botch), he has Gretchen's shrink explain her character for her in no uncertain terms; a device that is, of course, highly undesirable from a literary point of view, even if we grant the plausibility of a therapist's being correct about anything. Wilcox, though, is an infinitely more clever and witty writer than Lewis, with a genuine comic genius that compels one to overlook the weaknesses (of which there are very few) in his work. Probably because Gretchen is a significantly less wonderful character than the madcap Mrs. Coco, *Sort of Rich* is a less uproariously funny book than *North Gladiola*, though no less a product of sharp wit, shrewd and precise observation, true wisdom, and formidable literary skill. And there is as well a spiritual quality to everything I have read by this writer: a thing that is rarely discernible in contemporary fiction and that, deftly infused by Wilcox's light touch, amounts merely (!) to a quiet insistence upon the moral nature of man.

The title of this delightful book is drawn from two references in the text, the first of them oblique: "Hug me, girl, tighter, tighter," Mr. Dembar (who likes to fantasize that he is with a domestic maid) urges his wife while making love to her. "I'm going to make you rich." The second occurs on the last page of the novel, where Gretchen protests to Leo, the handyman in whose condominium she is living after her husband's sudden death (caused by massive doses of cholesterol lovingly administered by his elderly German housekeeper, a half-Jewish refugee from Nazi Germany): "Well, they're [the other occupants] not *all* that old. Or that rich—just sort of." As Flannery O'Connor—another Southern writer, with whose work I would guess Mr. Wilcox to be well acquaint-

Chilton Williamson Jr.'s new novel, The Homestead, *will be published early next year by Weidenfeld & Nicolson.*

Nicola Paone
ITALIAN RESTAURANT
"Beyond every horizon, there is something *different*"
—Nicola Paone
207 East 34th Street • New York
(212) 889-3239

PARENTS:
Summer Program for High School Students
The Thomas More Collegiate Summer Program opens high school students to their Western cultural legacy as Americans. The authentic meaning of freedom, the purpose of political society, the nobility of heroic action, and the challenge of living the Christian life in a troubled, secular age are among the topics considered.
Readings include: the *Federalist Papers*, the *Constitution*, Solzhenitzyn's Harvard Address, Plato's *Apology*, C.S. Lewis' *Mere Christianity*, selections from the *Bible* and Thomas Aquinas, medieval literature and Flannery O'Connor's short stories.
Taught by college faculty, students live on the thirteen acre campus in southern New Hampshire. Activities include trips to the ocean, mountains, and Boston's Freedom Trail.
CHOICE OF TWO SESSIONS:
July 16-29 (I) July 30-Aug. 12 (II)
Student's Name Yr. Grad.
Address Phone
City State/Zip
Send to: **THE THOMAS MORE INSTITUTE**
Six Manchester St., Merrimack, NH 03054
(603) 880-8308

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ed—once wrote, "As far as I am concerned, we are all 'The Poor.'" Even trust-fund trash in the *Social Register*. □

FROM INSIDE THE CAVITY

George Sim Johnston

My Secret History, by Paul Theroux (Putnam, 512 pp., $21.95)

UNTIL SALMAN RUSHDIE came along, Paul Theroux was the literary establishment's most prosperous Third World junkie. Although he had published a number of novels, it was the accounts of his masochistic train rides through Asia and South America that brought him a wide reading public.

What is it about the Third World that attracts so many literary lions? There is the local color, of course; and for some a Marxist dictatorship set amid palm trees is irresistible. But the list of living writers who find refreshment in tropical squalor—Graham Greene, V. S. Naipaul, Rushdie, Theroux—suggests a deeper motive. Rushdie talks about "the hole inside me where God used to be." This is a valuable piece of real estate for a certain kind of modern writer; and "leaving friends and order for strangers and disorder" (as Theroux once put it) is an effective way to expand the cavity.

Theroux does not give away much of himself in his travel books. He sticks to the landscape and people and is quite charming. But in his fiction we get a great deal of reportage from inside the cavity, and the charm gives way to bitterness. Instead of the raconteur of exotic modes of travel, we get a garden-variety nihilist who wants to show how empty the world is now that (for him) God has retired from the scene.

Andrew Parent, the narrator of Theroux's new novel, *My Secret History*, is a bleak creation indeed. We first meet him as an altar boy in suburban Massachusetts. But religion does not hold him for long, and we follow him through a career of joyless hedonism and cynical detachment which ends with literary prosperity in middle age. Although the book begins with the obligatory disclaimer that this is fiction, one suspects that the hero is indeed Theroux. The biographical data are similar, and there is a lack of imagination behind the writing that suggests the author is flogging his memory.

Andrew Parent reminds me of a proposal Evelyn Waugh once made for a contest to determine who was the biggest bore among his set in London. Waugh's idea was to have the contestants sit around a table and start talking; the winner would be the person who went on the longest. (Waugh thought his friend Randolph Churchill would crush the competition.) Parent goes on for more than five hundred pages about his fornications and resentments. He is a scoundrel; but he is neither an amusing scoundrel, like the heroes of Henry Miller (whom Theroux admires), nor a particularly original one. And his amorous affairs are as banal as anything on television.

Parent begins his sexual career trying to score off the girls in and around Boston. He gets one pregnant and spends fifty or so pages searching for an abortionist. Then he becomes headmaster of a small learning institute in Africa, which turns out to be a pig heaven where he can indulge in unlimited, guiltless sex with the native girls. For the reader, the great advantage of the African chapters is that the women there do not insist on a lot of talk first. But even in Africa, his love life is excruciatingly silly. While being treated for gonorrhea, for example, he meets a woman who is in the same situation: "This aroused me—not the disease, but the fact she was being cured. So was I! As far as I knew, we were the only two people in the country who were being treated for the clap. It made me amorous."

Reading through *My Secret History* made me envious of drama critics, who at a dull performance can occupy themselves making paper cutouts of their programs. The book critic has no such outlet. The most surprising aspect of this novel is the flaccid writing, for Theroux has shown himself capable of taut, vivid prose, especially in his shorter fiction. The book is an object lesson of Henry James's warning that first-person narration "puts a premium on the loose." Even Theroux's descriptions of exotic locales read like outtakes from his travel books.

It is a sure sign that a middlebrow novelist is floundering, moreover, when he keeps referring to the work of his betters. We hear about Conrad and Kipling, and one of Parent's girlfriends—or is it his wife? they're all alike—compares herself to Mrs. Moore in Forster's *Passage to India*. But Mrs. Moore, in whom Forster renders a peculiarly modern sort of despair without a trace of banality, is beyond Theroux's powers of invention.

Theroux is trying to tell us something about spiritual malaise in the modern world. But in order to have something to say on the subject, a writer has to show signs of resistance to that malaise; he cannot simply go flopping along and assume that the resulting boredom and disgust have significance. Even so black a writer as Samuel Beckett possesses a kind of stoical resolution that allows him to rise above his material and give it form. Beckett is also funny. But there is no sign in *My Secret History* of a moral universe larger than the puny one inhabited by the hero. And Mr. Theroux is not funny. The only humor in this book takes the form of sophomoric double entendres. There is also a preoccupation with excrement and the bodily functions that makes the reader feel as if he is in a bus-station latrine. Mr. Theroux is in need of a long train ride to clear his mind. □

George Sim Johnston is a freelance writer living in New York.

TESTAMENTS OF THE AGE

Thomas Fleming

Collected Poems, by Philip Larkin, edited and with an introduction by Anthony Thwaite (Farrar Straus, 330 pp., $22.50)

"THE POEM," wrote Philip Larkin in 1977, "or the kind of poem we write nowadays, is a single emotional spearpoint, a concentrated effect that is achieved by leaving out everything but

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now you can dress right even if you're dressing casual.

The National Review Apparel Collection.

A collection of fine quality polo shirts, windbreakers, tees, and hats. Made in the U.S.A. of course, our NR apparel gives new meaning to dressing right. Why not show your colors, order today!

FREE NR Bumper Sticker with every item purchased.
Money back guarantee if not completely satisfied.

Item Description	*Color Choice*	*Sizes*
Polo Shirt...**$24.50**	Apple Red w/ white imprint	Medium (38-40)
Windbreaker Jackets...**$36.50**	Royal Blue w/ white imprint	Large (42-44)
Tee-shirts...**$12.50**	Snow White w/ blue imprint	X-Large (46-48)
Baseball Caps...**$10.25**	*Cap color:* Royal Blue w/ blue imprint	*Cap:* Adjustable

The National Review Apparel Offer

When you want to make the right statement.

❑ Yes, I'll dress right. Place my order ASAP.

Item Desc.	*Qty.*	*Color*	*Size*	*Price*

Subtotal: _____

Sales tax (CA res. please add 7%): _____

Boxing & Packing: $1.50

Shipping (UPS 75¢/*item*; Post Office $1.50/*item*; Int'l. $10/*order*): _____

Total enclosed (Check payable to: Beverly/Alan Co.): _____

Return this order form with your check or money order to:
NR Apparel Offer
42816 Osgood Rd.
Fremont, CA 94539

Ordered from: please print clearly

Domestic orders, please allow 3-5 weeks for delivery.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone Number (daytime) _____

© 1989 The Beverly/Alan Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the emotion itself." A reader going through Larkin's collected poems in chronological order (which in this edition means starting in the back) will soon discover that Larkin's development as a poet is indeed a matter of progressively "leaving out everything but the emotion itself."

His early work—which includes all of the poems published in *The North Ship* (1945) and many of those published in *The Less Deceived* (1955) as well as the juvenilia—lacks the distinctive Larkin touch: the mixture of compassion and nastiness, obscenity and high seriousness, despairing self-pity and stoic resignation. Above all, his early work—like the least successful of his later poems—fails to achieve the powerful concentration he displays in "Annus Mirabilis"—

Sexual intercourse began
In nineteen sixty-three
(Which was rather late for me)—
Between the end of the Chatterley *ban*
And the Beatles' first LP

—or in "Aubade," published in the *TLS* in 1977 and appearing only now for the first time in a collection:

This is a special way of being afraid
No trick dispels. Religion used to try,
That vast moth-eaten musical brocade
Created to pretend we never die,
And specious stuff that says
No rational being
Can fear a thing it will not feel,
not seeing
That this is what we fear—no sight,
no sound,
No touch or taste or smell, nothing to
think with,
Nothing to love or link with,
The anaesthetic from which none
come round.

At the time of his death, in 1985, Larkin was probably the best-loved poet writing English. This may be no great accomplishment in a period when Ted Hughes is poet laureate of Britain and John Ashbery the most-decorated poet in the United States. Still, Larkin shares a certain common touch with earlier poets who have achieved great popularity—Kipling, Whitman (if he counts as a poet), and the greatest vulgar poet in English, Shakespeare. It is not so much the four-letter words, which are *de rigueur* in contemporary literature, as it is his attention to the concerns of ordinary men and women condemned to live in the gloomy post-war decades. Larkin has poems on what we would call a home for senior citizens, boring parties, the miseries of family life, faith healing, small-town weddings, jazz, and the numbing routine of work—a microcosm of modern life.

He could write well on these topics, because he worked at a real job (as librarian for the University of Hull) and lived a real life, no matter how restricted its compass. One of his most attractive qualities is his undisguised contempt for literary professionalism and the endless round of getting and spending grants: "It would be ironic if . . . we were to find that we had killed the goose that laid the golden eggs by choking it with cream." In the same essay ("Subsidizing Poetry") Larkin admits, "I have never read my poems in public, never lectured on poetry, never taught anyone how to write it," and much of his best work deals with the literary racket, including "Posterity"—devoted to "Jake Balokowsky, my biographer"—and another poem that here makes its first appearance in a book, "The Life with a Hole in It," with its wonderful denunciation of the literary life:

So the shit in the shuttered chateau
Who does his five hundred words,
Then parts out the rest of the day
Between bathing and booze and
birds . . .

In his lifetime Larkin published a small quantity of verse, and his editor, Anthony Thwaite, observes, "It may come as a surprise that the quantity of Larkin's uncollected and unpublished poetry should be so large." A surprise, yes, but also a disappointment. Thwaite has almost doubled the volume of Larkin's corpus while adding only a small number of poems that will enhance the poet's reputation. Nearly all of these were written between the publication of *High Windows* (1974) and his death. In addition to "Aubade" and "The Life with a Hole in It," the poems one is really grateful for include "The Mower"—with its deliberate echoes of Larkin's great predecessor from Hull, Andrew Marvell—"The Winter Palace," and "Love Again."

Larkin had strong views on how books of poetry should be put together and more than once complained about "that American way that seems frightened of saying what books the poems came from and when they were published." Mr. Thwaite has avoided Larkin's posthumous curse by carefully indicating the date of each poem and the volume (if any) in which it appeared. The book is arranged chronologically, except for a selection of the earliest work, which is printed as an appendix.

I'm not sure how Larkin would have reacted. Many poets, in putting together a volume of verse, follow the ancient examples of Horace, Vergil, and Ovid, arranging the individual pieces according to some principle other than order of composition. (At the very least this method provides work for dull-witted PhDs.) Larkin's best volumes—*Whitsun Weddings* and *High Windows*—have a completeness to them, an effect that is achieved at least partly by the ordering of the poems. That effect is obviously lost in *Collected Poems*, although Mr. Thwaite does include a table that allows the reader to reconstruct the original volumes.

In whatever order we read them, Larkin's best poems are a testament of the age, and the poet's shade, if Larkin was wrong in thinking there was nothing beyond the grave, should be very grateful for Mr. Thwaite's labors. □

Thomas Fleming is a poet and the editor of Chronicles: A Magazine of American Culture.

AFTERWORD

THE LOBSTER'S CLAW

Kingsley Amis

IN ABOUT 1970 a South African businessman named Harold Soref, under the apparent impression that I had some time for his country's system, tried to persuade me to write a laudatory article about it. Also involved were my old friend John Braine, evidently an acquaintance of Soref's, and some fourth party whose exact role now escapes me.

"But I don't know anything about South Africa bar what I read in the papers," I kept saying.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Don't worry, you'll get all the information you need," said the fourth chap.

"But no one thinks of me as a South Africa expert," I said.

"That'll give it all the more weight," he said.

Soref threw the four of us a lunch at the Reform Club. I shouldn't really have gone, but I am an inveterate luncher, curiosity called as ever, and I had made it clear that I was committed to nothing but to listening. It would be churlish to say that I don't even greatly care for the Reform in particular, with its absence of a proper bar, nor for the arrangement whereby the host orders the food off the menu for the whole party, thus putting pressure on them to follow his choice (and the set meal). But what the hell.

We got our pre-lunch drink, but in conditions that made it impossible to enjoy it properly. All too soon we found ourselves at the table being ordered for. I went along with the others until plumping for something that wasn't on the set lunch, liver and bacon, I think, or duckling, something far from dear, anyway, at 7*s*.6*d*., say £3 at today's prices. Very ungraciously, I thought, though unsuccessfully, Soref tried to block this. Much more seriously, he was shy on the booze.

Right, my lad, I thought, it may take a year, it may take five, but you'll be getting it back for this. A lot of fiction is revenge for scores of one size or sort or another. A lot more is fantasy-revenge, so that when we get to the corresponding point in my novel, instead of me just tamely sticking to my liver and bacon, my hero, Sir Roy Vandervane, insists on the priciest dish he can think up. And of course there are all sorts of other changes too. What you put into fiction isn't the things that happen to you, it's what the things that happen to you make you think up. (I might add that a lot more fiction comes from a desire to behave more badly than one would ever dare to in real life while sort of apologizing for it at the same time, as is shown in episodes in my novels from *Lucky Jim* on.)

So to the scene I actually wrote in *Girl, 20*. The Reform has of course become the Retrenchment Club, "I" have split into the famous musician Roy Vandervane and a journalist friend of his called Douglas ("Duggers"), chap no. 4 has vanished altogether, and Soref has become a newspaper editor called Harold Meers with, it turns out later, a very nasty plot up his sleeve for Roy (nothing to do with South Africa or articles about it).

As we see, Roy gets his way over the food and drink, but he later takes a thorough beating from Meers over the plot and only wins in the end by sheer undeserved good luck. And that's very like life: just when we think we're on top, fate is preparing something specially horrible for us. Nevertheless, take care, all you who entertain writers or who have dealings with us of any sort, and reflect that it is we who have the last word:

WE HAD ENTERED a room several times the size of the house I occupied half of, opulent, classical, and also strongly ecclesiastical in feeling, like an early Christian emperor's orgy chamber. Soberly dressed men in twos and threes straggled across a marble floor to a battered tin cart from which drinks were unhurriedly being dispensed. Roy led the way to the rear of this queue.

"Hadn't we better inquire for him?" I asked.

"Bugger that. This was his idea. Let him find us."

He did when we were about halfway to the drinks cart. First he and Roy, then he and I, nodded at each other. Harold's second nod led without a break into a glance at his watch.

"Time's getting on," he said. "This confounded insistence on ice in everything. A lot of stuff piled up. Do you mind if we have a drink at the table?"

"No, I'd like that," said Roy. "But I'd like one here first as well, if I may."

Harold turned to me. "What about you?" He was mistaken if he thought Roy would bow to an adverse casting vote, as also if he expected me to declare against my principal in the smallest particular. "I must say I'd rather like one, too."

"You mean here as well as at the table?"

"Yes, if that's all right."

After another, slower nod, Harold walked briskly away and out of one of the corners of the room.

"Well played, Duggers. First round to us."

"Do you think it's a good idea to annoy him unnecessarily?"

"Yes. And anyway this is necessarily."

We got our drinks, but it was a technical triumph only. Harold came back as they were handed us, declined one himself, paid, and stood in silence rather more than a yard off. Although Roy defended stoutly by gossiping to me about musicians and others Harold would not have known even by name, the three of us were in the dining room after a bare ten minutes. A good half of it was occupied by a central table covered from edge to edge with dishes of cold food that not only were clearly untouched but seemed also inviolable, as at some metropolitan form of harvest festival. We skirted all this and sat down in a corner under a full-length portrait of a duke or other nobleman who, whether or not he had been a fascist, certainly looked the nonpareil of a bastard in general. Menus were before us, and an order pad, complete with carbon paper and uncapped ballpoint pen, lay ready at Harold's side. He led off without hesitation, wrote minutely on the pad and muttered (for publication, so to speak, rather than to himself), "Tomato salad. Steak and kidney pie. Marrow and French beans."

I noticed that all these items appeared on the clipped-in sheet on which the set lunch, a remarkably cheap package as it appeared to me, was laid out. I said I would have the same, and Harold wrote accordingly. Roy was finding it more difficult to come to a decision, frowning and cocking his head in a style he might have learnt from his wife. Finally he said, "Tomato salad . . . yes. Then . . . I think duckling and orange sauce. And a green salad."

"Three tomato salads," Harold made an emendation on the pad. "Duckling and . . . Where do you see that?"

Kingsley Amis's most recent novel, Difficulties with Girls, *was published last month by Summit Books.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Over here," said Roy with some force, hitting his finger at the *à la carte* section of the menu.

"Oh. Oh, over there. Duckling," said Harold, in the tone, abruptly assumed, of a fanatical vegetarian. He made no move to write.

Roy swept his hand across his front as if cutting off a final chord. "Could I change my mind?"

"By all means."

"I'd like a whole lobster, please, cold, and stuffed with, uh, a portion of caviar. And a green salad, as I said."

"All I'm thinking of is the time. It wouldn't be lined up like, uh, for instance, the steak and kidney pie."

"They'll be lined up separately, the lobster and the caviar, and there's no need for the chaps in the kitchen to do the actual stuffing. Get the doings brought to me and I'll stuff it myself."

Harold gave up at that point. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Harvard Diary: Reflections on the Sacred and the Secular, by Robert Coles (Crossroad, 204 pp., $16.95)

HARVARD DIARY is not really a diary at all, nor does it contain much about Harvard. Instead, it is composed of 56 vignettes: agreeable tidbits, at times insightful, but essentially touched-up versions of magazine columns Harvard professor Robert Coles has written over the years. He knew in their time the kinds of people whose friendship confers prestige in the leftist religious milieu: Dorothy Day, Peter Maurin, Martin Luther King Jr., Paul Tillich. He has also mingled with, and interviewed, people in Rio's *favellas*, in Alabama, in Nicaragua. All good stuff for a columnist. Coles leaves the reader with the impression of a decent and religious man with common-sensical views. His book is finally disappointing, however, because books on *How to Be a Decent Man in the Midst of a Corrupt World* require for their success that an author on the order of Montaigne hold the pen. Thus, centuries ago, the great religious conflicts produced a literature of piety; today, the ideological wars are creating a literature of social consciousness, since in the interval we have absorbed a new religious sensibility, God no longer being *out there*, but inside the individual, inspiring decent thoughts and actions. Coles devotes himself to the task of locating those decent men and women—Flannery O'Connor, Simone Weil, Orwell, Bernanos, Ignazio Silone, Edith Stein, and above all Dietrich Bonhoeffer and Tolstoi—who have been the moral leaders of our time. The problem is that his three-page tributes are too short to allow any real probing. Even if he had permitted himself more space, though, one suspects his resources would not have allowed him to penetrate deep enough. But there are moments of illumination. We have Anna Freud, for example, relentlessly pressing an elderly widow to explain her troubles in psychological terms, when suddenly the daughter of the father of psychoanalysis bursts out: "What she needs is forgiveness. She needs to make peace with her soul, not talk about her mind. But of course, she cannot find God in our circle." I call such a vignette ample justification for *Harvard Diary*. THOMAS MOLNAR

The Rise of the Chinese Republic: From the Last Emperor to Deng Xiaoping, by Edwin P. Hoyt (McGraw-Hill, 384 pp., $19.95)

THIS IS A curious book. Edwin P. Hoyt was a journalist in China in the 1940s—a young China hand—who has returned to China in the 1980s. His prose is not elevated; nor are his judgments profound. And he certainly isn't a historian of the society, economy, institutions, culture, or Westernization of China. Rather, it is a wealth of historical and personal anecdotes that are the great attraction of this book: The gallant, outgunned Admiral Ding, defending Weihaiwei against the Japanese in 1895. The unlucky Japanese Captain Nakamura, in disguise in Manchuria in 1931, set upon by Chinese soldiers who found his Japanese army maps, weapons, surveying instruments, and narcotics, then took him out to a hill and shot him. The benighted war lord Lu Han of Yunnan, whom Chiang Kai-shek sent in 1945 to accept the surrender of the Japanese in Hanoi and to loot the city, while Chiang trickily occupied his home base in Yunnan. Hoyt himself, two years ago in Peking, hunting in vain for *any* Chinese book on the Korean War, and then having his Peking Chinese scorned by a floor boy in a Shanghai hotel. Hoyt's hero, however, is the gigantic Chinese people, not for their culture, which is hardly mentioned, but for their endurance and resistance to immense sufferings at the hands both of foreigners and of their own rulers. But there's no sense here of the tragedy of the fall of the mightiest of mankind's traditional civilizations. Nor is there any sense of the complexity of the impact of a modern civilization on a traditional one. In Hoyt's view, the Chinese people were always willing to struggle heroically against the upper classes and imperialists. Chiang Kai-shek seemed to lead them to triumph in his Northern Expedition of 1926-27, but then Chiang "abandoned the Chinese people" to set up his own dictatorship in league with the imperialists. Only China's heroic youth resisted all evil, and the most dedicated of them formed the Communist Party of China and started a *real* revolution. After incredible tribulations at the hands of Stalin, Chiang, the Japanese, and Chiang again, the wise Mao Tse-tung finally triumphed in 1949, and China was at last "free." Meanwhile, America blundered hopelessly in supporting Chiang Kai-shek. By now we are sure we recognize Hoyt's type. But no, his next chapter is called "The Terror," and describes the Communists' murder of "a million" Chinese people on coming to power. (Responsible estimates range up to 25 million.) The Communists themselves now turned corrupt and oppressive. Mao turned megalomaniac and paranoiac. Waves of deaths followed: the Korean War, the Hundred Flowers, the Great Leap Forward, the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. But these horrors, along with the earlier heroism, don't constitute a complex picture of Mao and Communism, just a total incoherence. Hoyt simply does not take Communism seriously as an ideology that led millions to fight unrelentingly for generations to seize power and then to terrorize unrelentingly for generations more. FRANCIS B. RANDALL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Vacation

KEY WEST, FLORIDA—villa vacations. Historically renovated home in Old Town Key West: 3 bed, 3 bath, pool. Privacy. Maid service available. Vacation rental offered through Property Management of Key West, 1213 Truman, Key West, Fla. 33040. 305-296-7744. Call for *Discover Key West* travel video: $19.95, plus $2.50 shipping.

OLD-FASHIONED, SECLUDED FARM on Cape Breton Island offers log cabins, excellent meals, tranquillity, and discount to *NR* readers. Write: John Gardner, Orangedale, Nova Scotia, Canada.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. For NR box numbers only, send responses to NR Box ____, National Review, 150 E. 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.)

AUTUM, I NEED your address! Signed, Dave. NR Box 6099.

HANDSOME, SOUTHERN, CONSERVATIVE lawyer, 36, desires friendship with conservative, easy-going, athletic woman, 23-40. Enjoys caring, conversation, and exploring new ideas and interests. Needs a "girlfriend" who might be "the one." Loves to listen to classical music and dance to popular music, play tennis and run, explore new dining adventures. NR Box 6174.

CONSERVATIVE, 40, enjoys history, reading, classical music—now seriously thinking about marriage. Seeks conservative lady, 28-38, Catholic. NR Box 6175.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE®. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803.

Employment Opportunities

BECOME A PARALEGAL. Work with attorneys. Home study. Free catalogue. 800-223-4542. Dept. LF173.

OPENING FOR top-notch secretary for powerful conservative leader. Send résumé. Leadership Institute Job and Talent Bank, 8001 Braddock Road, Springfield, Va. 22151. 703-321-8580.

Educational Opportunities

UNIVERSITY DEGREES without classes. Accredited bachelor's, master's, doctorates. Free, revealing information. Careers-NR84, Box 470886, Tulsa, Okla. 74147.

BACHELOR'S, MASTER'S, DOCTORATE. Guide to colleges offering nonresidential degree programs through independent home study. Accredited, economical, accelerated programs. Credit given for prior accomplishments and work experience. Free detailed brochure. Write: Dr. John Bear, P.O. Box 7070-NR5, Berkeley, Calif. 94707.

Literary

FREE CATALOGUE: conservatism, political science, history, literature. CML Books, RR 1, #92, Elverson, Pa. 19520.

FREE FLYER. Two nonfiction, personal books. Maps, pictures, war surgery, Vietnam. Byerly, 24 Second Avenue, N.E., Hickory, N.C. 28601.

OLD BOOKSCOUT locates out-of-print books. Write "Greenmantle," P.O. Box 1178NR, Culpeper, Va. 22701-6324.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. All subjects invited. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. NRF, 11 W. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10001.

For Sale

WATCH REPLICAS: lowest prices nationwide! Exact weight. 18-kt.-gold plated. 404-963-3USA.

CONQUER COMPUTER PHOBIA and join the information age. Computer-literacy course on three one-hour audio cassettes. $29.95. Eklektikos, P.O. Box 837-N1, Morrison, Colo. 80465.

YOUR SOURCE for company T-shirts, caps, and promotional items. Highest quality, lowest prices, fastest service. Call The Event: 800-852-4996.

Miscellaneous

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS in depth, $25. Elisabeth King, 121 Madison Avenue, 3A, New York, N.Y. 10016.

POLITICAL DISCUSSION GROUP, based in San Diego, meets on Sunday nights. Call 619-273-4762, leave message.

INTERESTED IN ACTIVE RETIREMENT, modest investment, recreational opportunities on São Miguel or Santa Maria, in the Azores? Call 813-971-3498.

FINDER'S FEES. Monthly updated list. Free details. Chenevert BNR, 10326 Memorial, Houston, Tex. 77024.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

G. W. GRAYSON:

Ripe for Riots

Indeed, Mexico's economy has been flat as a tortilla for the past seven years—with investment sagging, worker buying power plummeting, and unemployment or underemployment afflicting half of the workforce.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates: $3.00 per word, with 10-word minimum. A word is defined as anything normally falling between spaces, although in the case of hyphenated compounds of independent units, each unit counts as one word (e.g., three words in "classical-music lover," but two words in "pre-war apartment"). Phone number, zip code, and all permitted abbreviations count as one word. Permitted abbreviations include titles (M.D., Ph.D.), business and organization names (IBM, USMC), state and country names (N.Y., U.S.), and miscellaneous items such as A.P.O., RR, S.A.S.E., P.O. Box. Aside from these exceptions, no abbreviations allowed.

Discount Rates: $2.75 per word per insertion for 4 insertions; $2.50 per word per insertion for 6 insertions; $2.25 per word per insertion for 8 or more insertions. No agency discounts.

NR Box Numbers: Available for an additional $5.00. Include "NR Box ____" in text of ad (three words). Responses will be forwarded for six months.

Restrictions: Personal advertisements must specify at least 3 interests. NR does not accept classified political advertisements, or advertisements that are solicitations for funds. NR reserves the right to reject any copy.

To Order: Full payment in advance is required, by either check, money order, MasterCard, or Visa. No telephone orders. Orders must be received 35 days before cover date. Address: Classified Director, National Review, 150 E. 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Enclosed is payment of $_____ for ____ insertions.

For credit card, indicate whether MC ___ or Visa ___

Card Number _____ **Exp. Date** _____

Name _____

Address _____ City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____ Phone _____

Attach ad, typewritten if possible.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN ROCKEFELLOBBY WAS A BUST

TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Member of a certain religious sect (2 words)
J É H O V A W S W I
36 88 101 2 173 20 48 112 140 61
T N E S S
71 144 123 28 152

B. To Spengler; lands of the setting sun
O C C I D E N T
141 62 21 99 13 79 170 119

C. Parolee's residence (2 words)
H A L F W A Y H O V
120 33 8 107 52 188 151 137 45 165
S É
19 114

D. City in central England
N O T T I N G H A M
65 95 183 168 153 34 124 44 111 78

E. One kind of pronoun
R E F L E X I V E
69 117 132 14 51 81 172 11 128

F. Waxed the floor better?
Q U T S H I N E D
75 104 136 40 158 68 147 93 24

G. Gave in
C A P I T U L A T E D
160 30 67 106 96 46 122 18 171 7 56

H. Gene Autry's first toy?
H O B B Y H O R S E
87 108 1 15 135 50 162 73 116 25

I. Pleasure
É N J O Y M E N T
57 148 16 72 177 142 10 161 43

J. Term-paper ender
B I B L I O G R A P H Y
94 127 3 130 159 64 100 180 27 186 38 89

K. Footstool
O T T O M A N
77 102 133 41 155 169 60
OTTOMAN NASSOCK

L. Animals mentioned in Job 40:15
B E H E M O T H S
134 110 97 12 175 37 82 178 66

M. Crooked
B E N T
A W R Y
166 143 84 105
ALOP

N. Fodder for nostalgia
Y É S T E R D A Y
156 131 113 29 83 98 150 53 5

O. Saturdays and Sundays
W E E K E N D S
17 91 190 145 179 185 35 154

P. Speech summaries
A B S T R A C T S
125 4 167 85 22 70 189 49 115

Q. Sailors with mops
S W A B B I É S
164 90 55 103 26 9 80 129

R. Yields
A C C E D E S
176 126 63 121 32 181 54

S. Seaport in northwestern France
B R E S T
6 92 146 76 163

T. Says
U T T E R S
23 74 139 149 31 182

U. Shakespeare forte
S O N N E T
118 59 42 109 187 86

V. Prolific
F É R T I L É
157 138 174 58 184 39 47
TEEMING

1 H B	2 A O	3 J B	4 P B	5 N Y		6 S B	7 G É	8 C L	9 Q I	10 I É	11 E V	12 L É	13 B D		14 E L	15 H B	16 I J		17 O W	18 G A	19 C S
	20 A A		21 B C	22 P R	23 T U	24 F D	25 H É		26 Q B	27 J A	28 A S	29 N T	30 G A	31 T R	32 R D		33 C A	34 D N	35 O D		36 A J
37 L O	38 J H	39 V N	40 F S	41 K O	42 U N		43 I T	44 D H	45 C O	46 G U	47 V G	48 A H	49 P T		50 H H	51 É		52 C W	53 N A	54 R S	
55 Q A		56 G D	57 I E	58 V M	59 U O	60 K N	61 A I	62 B C		63 R C	64 J O	65 D N	66 L S	67 G P	68 F I	69 E R	70 P A	71 A T	72 I O	73 H R	
74 T T	75 F O		76 S S	77 K O	78 D M	79 B É		80 Q É	81 E X	82 L T	83 N É	84 M N	85 P T		86 U T	87 H H	88 A É	89 J Y		90 Q W	91 O É
92 S R	93 F É		94 J B	95 D O	96 G T	97 L H		98 N R	99 B I	100J G	101A H	102K T		103Q B	104F U	105M T		106G I	107C F		108H O
109U N	110L [illegible]		111D A	112A S	113N S	114C E	115P S	116H S	117E É	118U S		119B T	120C H	121R É		122G L	123A É	124D G	125P A	126R C	127J I
128E É	129Q S		130J L	131N É	132E F	133K T		134L B	135H Y		136F T	137C H	138V É		139T T	140A W	141B O		142I M	143M É	144A N
	145O K	146S É	147F N	148I N	149T E	150N D	151C Y	152A S		153D I	154O S		155K M	156N Y	157V T	158F H	159J I	160G C		161I N	162H O
163S T		164Q S	165C U	166M B	167P S	168D T	169K A	170B N	171G T	172E I	173A V	174V É		175L M	176R A	177I Y		178L H	179O É		180J R
181R É	182T S	183D T		184V I	185O N		186J P	187U E	188C A	189P C	190O É										

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 63 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

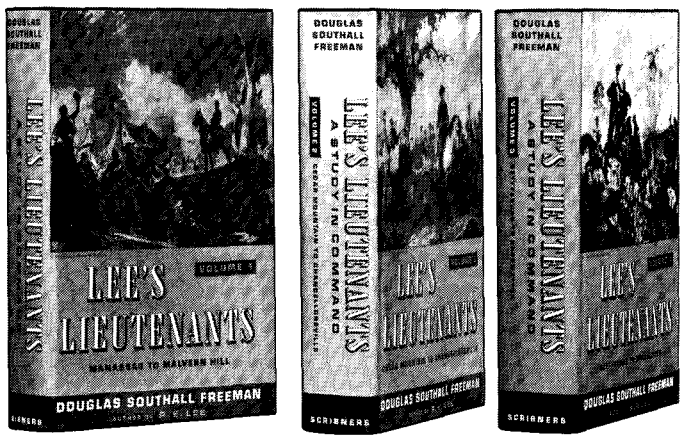
Priceless collections. Big savings.

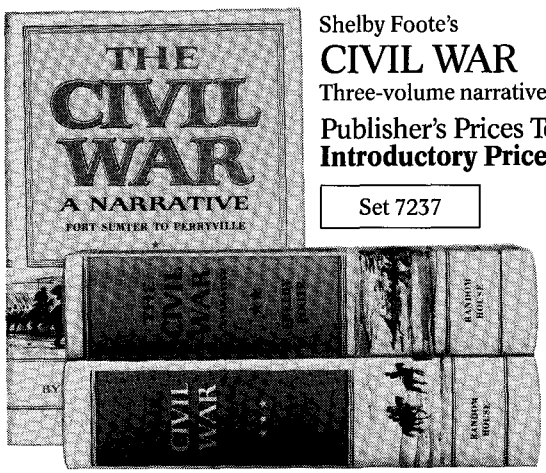
With no risk, no commitment.

Dumas Malone's
JEFFERSON
Six-volume biography

Publisher's Prices Total $121.70
Introductory Price $14

Set 8078





Shelby Foote's
CIVIL WAR
Three-volume narrative

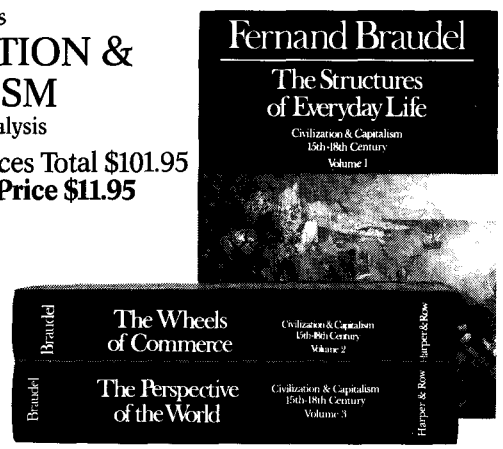
Publisher's Prices Total $105
Introductory Price $15

Set 7237

Fernand Braudel's
CIVILIZATION & CAPITALISM
Three-volume analysis

Publisher's Prices Total $101.95
Introductory Price $11.95

Set 2626



Landmark works. Hailed by readers, historians and critics alike.

No matter what area of history you enjoy reading about most, you'll find that History Book Club offers some of the finest selections being published today. And no book club we know of offers greater savings—as much as 30% off publishers' list prices.

Your commitment? There is none. Through this special Introductory Offer, you can try History Book Club with no risk, no commitment. You may cancel membership at any time by notifying History Book Club. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

Save as much as 30% with low Members' prices. You'll enjoy significant savings off the publisher's price on each selection you make from the 150-200 volumes featured in the History Book Club *Review*, along with the new main title, the "Editors' Choice." History Book Club always offers its members well-made, long-lasting editions.

How the Club works. About every four weeks (14 times a year), you'll receive a new issue of our *Review* and a dated Reply Form. If you want the "Editors' Choice," do nothing. If you want another book, or no books at all, return the Reply Form by the date specified. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Your HBC Guarantee: If you receive an unwanted "Editors' Choice" because you had less than 10 days to decide, simply return it and pay nothing.

Try History Book Club—and save!
Return the attached coupon today.

History Book Club
Camp Hill, PA 17012-8805

Please enroll me in History Book Club according to the no-risk, no-commitment terms outlined in the accompanying ad. Send me the multivolume set whose number I have entered in the space below. Bill me at the low Introductory Price, plus shipping and handling.

H123-6-1-0

Set Selection [ ]

9-66

Name_____

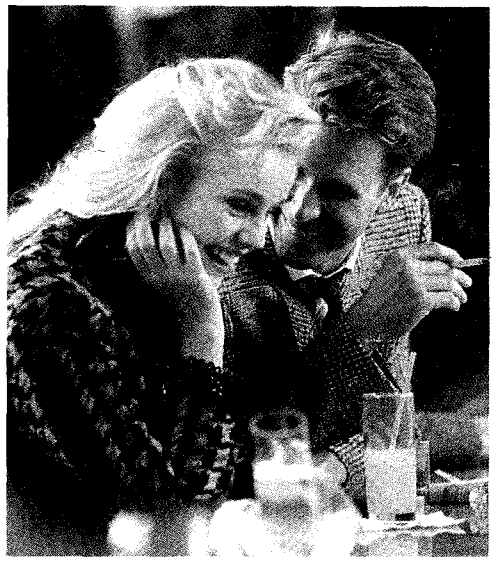
Address_____ Apt. #_____

City_____

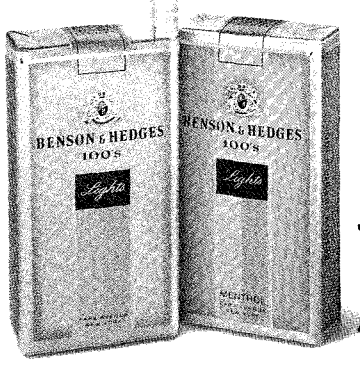
State_____ Zip_____

© 1989 History Book Club, Inc. All orders subject to approval.
Prices generally higher in Canada.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LIGHTS
Regular and
Menthol.



For people who like to smoke...

BENSON & HEDGES

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

Regular: 10 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—Menthol: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED